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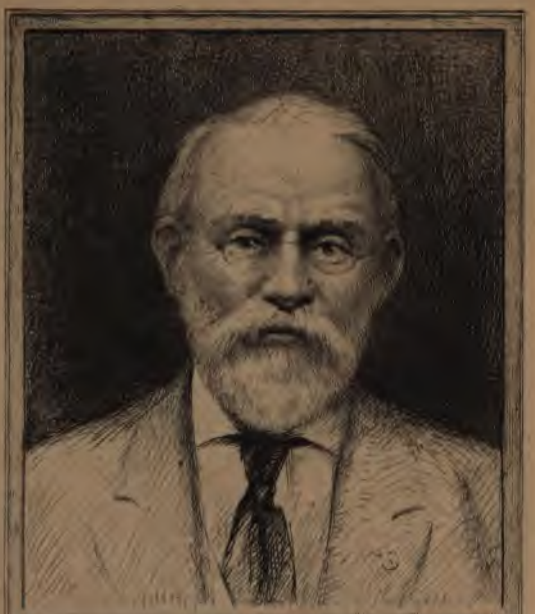

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PREFACE.

THIS being in a manner the first Performance of this Nature, that has hitherto appear'd in the *English* Tongue, I mean of our own growth, (for I shall take no Notice here of what has been translated of this kind out of *la Bruyere*, St. *Evremont*, &c. Perhaps it may not be amiss to give the Reader some short account of what other Nations have done before us.

The *Eastern* People in all Ages of the World have been famous for the Proverbs, Apophthegms, and Maxims of their Great Men. Not to ascend to earlier times, the *Mahumetans* preserve to this day a great Veneration for the Sentences and Instructions of *Nouschirvan* an ancient King of *Persia*, in whose Reign *Mahomet* was born; for the Wise Sayings of the Great *Almanzor*, who so far extended the limits of the *Saracen* Empire; for the Testament of *Locman*, who was the *Æsop* of the [illegible] the Moral Maxims of *Aboubeker*, [illegible] *Osman*, the four first Successo[illegible] likewise of several of their [illegible] and learned [illegible]

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LACONICS:

OR,

New Maxims

OF

State and *Converſation.*

Relating to the Affairs and Manners of the Preſent TIMES.

In Three PARTS.

——*Utilitas juſti propè Mater & æqui.*

Horat.

Iliacos *intra muros peccatur, & extrà.*

Ibid.

LONDON,

Printed for THOMAS HODGSON over againſt *Grays-Inn-Gate* in *Holborn.* MDCCI.

and St. *Evremont* for Solidity and penetration.

As for this preſent Collection, 'tis intirely ſubmitted to the Reader's Judgment. All I think proper to add, is that the Third Part was done by a different Hand from that of the two Firſt, and that if this Small Treatiſe has the good Fortune to pleaſe, it ſhall ſhortly be follow'd by a Second, ready now for the Preſs, which taking a more particular Notice of the preſent Situation of our affairs and humours, will in all probability afford the Reader a better Entertaiment, and convince him, that as in allother way's of Writing we are equal, if not Superiour to our Neighbours, ſo we don't fall much ſhort of them in this.

LACONICS:

OR,

New Maxims

OF

State and *Converſation.*

PART I.

I.

MEN of high Birth are in the faireſt Way to a Good Education: Throughout all Antiquity the Nobleſt Actions are aſcrib'd to them, in *Hiſtory* as well as *Poetry*; and are ſtill expected from 'em.

II.

In a Mixt Monarchy Salaries ſhould not be ſo great, as to make thoſe deſire who do not want 'em.

III.

An *Engliſh Diſcontent* is like to a Dog ſhut out of Doors in a cold Night, who only howls to be let in.

IV.

Princes have more Regard to thoſe who get away their Money, than for thoſe who give it 'em.

V.

A young *Wench* loves a chargeable Bully better than her kind *Keeper*.

VI.

A Promiſe is a Favour, when a *Diſappointment* is an Infamy.

VII.

No Prince can pleaſe all; yet ſhould nevertheleſs take care that the *Beſt*, if not the *moſt*, have no Cauſe to complain.

VIII.

Good and bad Times are only modeſt Terms for good or bad Men in Employments.

IX.

A Man ought to weigh the Reporter, as duly as the Report.

X.

Truth is the only Jewel, that an ordinary Perſon may come eaſier at than a King.

XI.

The beſt way of taking off Diſcontents is a better *Adminiſtration* of *Public Affairs*.

XII.

When *Salaries* run high, and that for little or no *Service*, *We* ever think no Body deſerves 'em but our ſelves.

XIII.

Debauching a *Member* of the Houſe of Commons from his *Principles*, and creating him a Peer, is not much better than making a Woman a *Whore*, and afterwards *Marrying* her.

XIV.

A Prince ſhould not only know well the *Man* he *employs*, but alſo the *Man* he *rejects*: Otherwiſe the *One* may not be able to do any *Service* and the *Other* may do him a great deal of *Ill*.

[redacted]

rally lo ir Princes; as ap- o them in the Begin- ning

ning of their Reigns; Yet it ſeldom laſts long, by reaſon Princes often miſtake their *true Intereſt*, and enrich their Courtiers at the Expence of their *People:* Preferring as it were, the *Paroquet* and *Monkey*, that are of no ſolid Uſe to 'em, to the *Sheep* and *Oxen* that feed and cloath 'em.

XVI.

A Prince, 'tis certain, ought to be *Religious*; but it is abſolutely neceſſary he ſeem ſo: For the *People* will never promiſe themſelves any Felicity under him, if they do not think God on his Side: And on the contrary, will be apt to impute the Diſappointments of every Year, to his want of Devotion.

XVII.

A Prince's *Reputation abroad*, will riſe or ſink, as his *Affairs* go well or ill at home.

XVIII.

Both King and People ought to diſſemble ſmall Diſſatisfactions.

XIX.

An unquiet Life between Man and Wife leſſens both in the Eſteem of their Neighbours.

XX.

XX.

No Prince can Govern without *Offices* and *Officers*, but when any *Place* falls 'tis better he ſhould Give than they Sell.

XXI.

A People may Elect a Prince, but God and Nature only can give a Monarch

XXII.

Beaſts of *Pleaſure* are ſeldom *Beaſts* of *Burthen*; but of the two, a Prince had much better make a Favourite of his Miniſter, than a Miniſter of his Favourite.

XXIII.

Familiarity 'tis true may breed *Contempt*, but Love is not to be gain'd without ſome degree of it.

XXIV.

A Prince that parts with his *Friends* to pleaſe his *Enemies*, cools the one and enflames the other.

XXV.

A Prince's *Word* ought to be equal to the *Oath* of a private *Perſon*: He ſhould conſider well before he gives it, but no *conſideration* can excuſe the *breach* of it.

XXVI.

When the *People* preſs for a *new* Miniſtry, they do not mean a *new Sett*, but a *new Sort* of *Men*.

XXVII.

The People will ever Murmure at great Gifts while they Pay great Taxes.

XXVIII.

A *Man* ought to be deaf to all inſinuations of *Liberality*, till he has ſatisfy'd the *Clamours* of Right and Juſtice.

XXIX.

Want of good Laws is a very great *defect*; but want of due *Execution* of them, corrupts the very *Vitals* of Government.

XXX.

What ſignifies a King's *Prerogative* of chooſing *Officers* Military and Civil, while his Courtiers have that of diſpoſing of their Places?

XXXI.

A Prince who Sells his *Pardons*, Sells the Innocent *Blood* of His Subjects; and is in ſome Meaſure guilty of the Shedding of it.

XXXII. *Brains*

XXXII.

Brains and *Heads*, not *Powder* and *Perukes* muſt Support a Government.

XXXIII.

He who Lives without *Deſign*, Lives like a *Beaſt* call'd a Philoſopher.

XXXIV.

If a Courtier be diſcontented, the Worſe for him; but when a People is ſo, the Worſe for the Prince.

XXXV.

Nothing more provokes the better Sort of *Men*, than to ſee *Perſons* of no *Birth*, no *Merit*, no *Service*, and ſometimes as *unknown* to the Prince as the *People*, put into *Offices* of *Honour* and *Truſt*.

XXXVI.

A Parliament is to the *Body* Politick what the *Gout* is to the *Body Natural*, very painful ſometimes, but ſtill it prevents worſe *Diſtempers*.

XXXVII.

In *France* the Gentry and Nobility Fight, and the *People* Pay; in *England* the contrary: So that *War* is our *Diſeaſe* and their *Conſtitution*.

XXXVIII.

If a Player undertakes a *Part* above him, he will ſoon be hiſs'd off the Stage: But if a Courtier does ſo, the *Dignity of* the *Office* covers him for a while; yet ſooner or later it turns to his *Diſgrace*.

XXXIX.

Moderate Councels are ſafeſt both for him that takes and him that gives 'em.

XL.

Adventures are like Leaps in *Hunting*; they bring you into the *Chaſe* ſooner, but may chance to Coſt you a *Fall*.

XLI.

Great Men care not to Converſe with any but ſuch as are very much *Inferiour* to 'em in *Parts*.

XLII.

A tall *Tree* ſeems yet taller among *Shrubs*, as ſome *Men's Friendſhip* ſhews their *Contempt*.

XLIII.

A *Man* of *Senſe* and ſome *Fortune*, thinks he pay's dear enough for an Employment, if he parts with his Liberty by giving his *Honeſt*

neſt and diligent *Attendance*; therefore ſuch ſeldom get into any.

XLIV.

Obſtinacy is a more Manly *Fault* than too much Eaſineſs; the one perhaps is too great *Stiffneſs*, but the other is commonly *Weakneſs* of *Mind*.

XLV.

When new and neceſſary *Expences* are Multiply'd, the Old and leſs Neceſſary ought to be retrench'd.

XLVI.

If a *Man* be once in Debt, he is ever ſo; his Affairs grow too Intricate to Manage: So that he becomes an eaſie *Prey* to thoſe he *Truſts*, till he is as much in their *Power* as an Infant in that of his Guardian.

XLVII.

Warlike Princes ſeldom look well into their Accounts or *Expences*; they have a Superiour Genius which makes 'em leave that groveling part of *Wiſdom*, to the *Care* and *Pains* of ſuch as may be Hired for thoſe *Ends*; but nevertheleſs *Faith* and *Honeſty* are not to be bought.

XLVIII.

That Prince ſeldom extends either his *Fame* or *Dominions* who does not Head his own *Armies* in Perſon. XLIX. Tho'

XLIX.

Tho' the People are not apt to perceive their *Diſeaſe*, when ſhew'd 'em, yet they ſeldom fail of finding a *Remedy*.

L.

Dogs know their own Phyſick.

LI.

The late *Diſeaſe* of *Spain* was a poor Weak King, and a Rich and corrupt *Miniſtry*.

LII.

A Prince that Exalts a Favourite, Degrades himſelf.

LIII.

He that procures the *Benefit*, will ſometimes be thought the *Benefactor*.

LIV.

That Prince who has the *Love* of his *Subjects* may eaſily ſatisfie all Parties; but Courting them is Endleſs.

LV.

A modeſt Salary is a *Fortune* to a wanting *Man*, and a great *Help* to a *Man* of Eſtate.

LVI. Some

LVI.

Some *Men* have no *Eſtates*, yet Want nothing; Others have great Incomes and Want every thing.

LVII.

We are ſometimes miſtaken for Men of *Pleaſure*, becauſe we are not *Men* of *Buſineſs*; and for *Men* of *Buſineſs*, becauſe we are not *Men* of *Pleaſure*: An able Stateſman finds Leiſure for both, An Inferiour Genius for neither.

LVIII.

'Tis a Reproach to the Nobility and Gentry of *England* that for the moſt part *Men* of no *Birth* fight their *Battles*, fill their Pulpits, and Plead their *Cauſes*; And alſo that *Tradesmen*, *Vintners*, and *Stewards* run away with their Eſtates.

LIX.

An Officer ſhould be continued in his Employment if he does his Duty: But great *Rewards* and high *Preferments* are only due to extraordinary Service.

LX.

One Courtier Speaks for another: So all of 'em obtain what none of 'em deſerve.

LXI.

A King of *England*, if he pleaſes, may ride his Miniſters, and Spur 'em too; otherwiſe they will be apt to ride him.

LXII.

When Miniſters refuſe to Serve, but upon their own *Terms*, they are no longer *Servants* but Maſters.

LXIII.

Miniſters that are allow'd to put in and out whom they pleaſe, make them-ſelves Friends, but their Prince Enemies.

LXIV.

A Prince had better Govern amiſs than impotently.

LXV.

'Twas Wittily ſaid, that a Courtier out of *Favour* was like a Lantern without a *Candle*.

LXVI.

A Court is many times as heavy in a Monarchy, as *Armies* and Fleets in a Common-Wealth; 'Tis not ſo uſeful and therefore ought to be Retrench'd: Superfluous Offices are to be extinguiſh'd, and the reſt Leſſen'd.

LXVII. 'Tis

LXVII.

'Tis harder to find an honeſt *Man* than an *able* One; *Buſineſs* which improves the one, corrupts the other.

LXVIII.

Men as well as *Women* are Debauch'd by *Opportunity*.

LXIX.

Superfluity of Officers Eat up both King and People.

LXX.

Neligence and *Expence* are ſo Interwoven with each other, that it is hard to tell, which of 'em *a Man* principally owes his *Ruin* to.

LXXI.

A good Coachman ſhou'd not be made your Cook, only becauſe, 'tis a better place, and he has more mind to it.

LXXII.

In *Greece* the Wiſemen were *Brave*, and the *Brave-men* Study'd *Wiſdom*: Now a days, if a *Man* excel in any one thing, he deſpiſes the reſt.

LXXIII.

Our *Hearts* and *Heads* are ſeldom both well furniſh'd.

LXXV.

Mercy makes *Friends* of Enemies, and *Cruelty Enemies* of ſuch as were before our Friends.

LXXVI.

Tho' a Man be legally *Condemn'd*, it may be a *Degree* of *Cruelty* not to Pardon him.

LXXVII.

Men of Senſe Rail at *Flattery* chiefly becauſe they hav e us'd it themſelves unſucceſsfully.

LXXVIII.

A dull *Fellow* is preſum'd ſincere : A *Man* that knows *Tricks* is thought to uſe 'em; ſo that we are upon our *Guard* with the one, and lye open to the other.

LXXIX.

When a *Wiſe Man* ſeems Covetous, 'tis not that he loves Money more, but that he values the *World* and *Mankind* leſs.

LXXX.

Tho' the *Dead* may not be concern'd in what happens after 'em, the *Dying* are and ought to be : 'tis a *Debt* charg'd upon 'em, which in *Honour* and Conſcience they ought to pay to their *Poſterity*.

LXXXI. They

LXXXI.

They are the very Worſt of *Men* who ſeek *advantages* from the *Calamities* of their Country.

LXXXII.

As ſome venture their *Lives* in defence of their Country, all Men ought to hazard their *Fortunes* for it.

LXXXIII.

The Uſurer Pays too little, and therefore ſhould be oblig'd to Lend the *Publick* at Moderate Rates: He can't loſe his Principal unleſs we loſe all.

LXXXIV.

We do not diſtinguiſh well in *England* between the King's *Private*, and his *Publick Revenues*: The one he may diſpoſe of, the other not.

LXXXV.

Much Reading begets more *Doubts* than it Clears.

LXXXVI.

Learning makes a *good Man better*, an *ill One* Worſe.

LXXXVII.

Some things are above *Humane Capacities* and can never be enough, nor too little thought on.

LXXXVIII.

The *World* grows Older, but not Wiſer: Women and Parliaments ſtill truſt the ſame ſort of *Men* who have conſtantly deceiv'd 'em.

LXXXIX.

Not this, or that *Man*, but *Mankind* in general is the *Rogue*: He that makes the *Exception* does it at his own Peril.

XC.

To undertake for what is not in our Power to perform, is to Mortgage an Entail'd Eſtate, which is down-right *Knavery* in a *Private Perſon*.

XCI.

'Tis great *Impotence* in a Prince not to be able to keep his *Word*: Not to be willing is ſome what Worſe.

XCII.

War is a *Calamity*, for which there is no *Comfort*, but that it is as bad for one ſide as the other.

XCIII.

The *Defenſive Weapons* of Peace ought to be firſt Try'd, ſuch as *Embaſſies*, and *Treaties*, in order to Reconcilation.

XCIV. If

XCIV.

If *War* muſt enſue, let it be rather a Raging than a *Hectic Fever*.

XCV.

The *Romans* and other *Hero's* of *Antiquity* made *War* by *Wholeſale*; they Conquer'd Kingdoms; *We* by *Retail*: Four or Five *Battles* ſome on one ſide, ſome on the other; Three or Four Towns taken, Ten Years *War*, Fifty Millions Paid and to Pay on both ſides, and *you* are *Welcome Gentlemen* to a very indifferent, and perhaps a ſhort *Peace*.

XCVI.

A *Man* that goes duly to Church, ſhall be *well* ſpoken of tho' he has no other *Merit* to recommend him. He that neglects that *Duty* ſhall be *ill* ſpoken of tho' he has no other *Fault*.

XCVII.

All Affectation is odious that Principally whereby we pretend to avoid it.

XCVIII.

We ſhould not Meaſure *Men* by Sundays, without regarding what they do all the *Week* after.

CVIX.

Wax Candles, a good *Equipage*, and a *French* Cook will at any time in *England* make a Blockheadly Knave, a very good ſort of *Man*, tho' we cannot tell for what.

C.

Wit is ſaid to be out of *Faſhion*, yet it is not to be extinguiſh'd.

CI.

Honour and *Honeſty* are profeſs'd every where, yet are no where to be found.

CII.

Devotion does not neceſſarily make *Men* good; Witneſs *Cromwel* and the Late *times*: Tho' the *Want* of it may endanger their *Morals*.

CIII.

Thoſe *things* coſt moſt which we ſeem not to Pay for: as the *Love* of *Women*, the *Favour* of Princes, and a *Beggarly* Corporation.

CIV.

A Prince ſhould never employ a *Man* who has no *Reputation* to loſe: He brings *nothing* into his *Service* and cares not what he carries out.

CV. If

CV.

If a *Man* Walk Lame he is pity'd; if he Dance Lame he is Laught at: The one was Unavoidable the other not.

CVI.

A Silly *Writer* is doubly odious.

CVII.

Men are jealous that every *Writer* aims at their *Praising* him; while the beſt and moſt diſ-intereſt'd only eaſe themſelves without caring much how their Works are receiv'd.

XVII.

That Man who fears neither Horſe, *Foot*, nor Canon, will never ſtand in awe of *Pen*, *Ink* and *Paper*.

CIX.

He that Writes one Book out of an *Hundred* may be rather ſaid to be a Collector, than an Author: and flouriſhes like *Covent-Garden-Market*, with *Fruit* not growing but withering upon his hands.

CX.

Some Authors are more beholden to their *backſides* then their *Brains.*

CXI.

There is a jealouſie of Love, where tho' the *Fruit* be bitter the *Root* is pleaſing; there is a jealouſie of *Honour*, which produces nothing but *Thorns* and *Briers.*

CXII.

No Man knows himſelf. *Phalaris* did not think he was a Tyrant, nor *Julius Cæſar* reckon himſelf an Uſurper.

CXIII.

Pride, *Inſolence* and *Arrogance*, are the *Bladders* that keep *Men* above *Water.*

CXIV.

Modeſty is a kind of *Fear* that Sinks a good *Man* to the *Bottom.*

CXV.

There are Tyrants in *Converſation*, as well as on the *Throne?*

CXVI.

Nothing muſt be diſcours'd of but what you introduce, nor otherwiſe than you Dictate; *you* are conſpir'd againſt, and will be worſted

ed by thoſe who are ſingly Inferiour to you. You are avoided in *Company*, tho' very ingenious; and out of *Buſineſs*, tho' very Capable of Employment.

CXVII.

A long Peace makes *Men* deſirous of *War*, a ſhort *One* the contrary.

CXVIII.

Machiavil calls all Princes weak, who are not Warlike: *Solomon* not excepted.

CXVIII.

A Prince and an Army who have a *confidence* in each other, are next to *Invincible*.

CXIX.

Greater *things* might and would be done, were we not ſo ſevere upon *Miſcarriages*.

CXX.

A *Roman* Conſul had the thanks of the *Senate*, (tho' he was beaten) that he did not deſpair; when if *we* loſe a Ship we are preſently for changing the Admiralty.

CXXI.

Too much *Severity* is a *terrour* to the beſt ſort of *Men*.

CXXII.

Old *Men* ſay they are weary of the *World*, but the *World* is firſt weary of them.

CXXIII.

Liberty and *Property* in Peoples *Mouths*, are in their *Hearts*, *Pride*, *Ambition* and *Preferment*.

CXXIV.

A moderate *Man* may be a *Friend* to his Country, when the furious and violent are generally *Factious*.

CXXV.

'Tis not adviſeable that *War* and *Peace* ſhould be determin'd by a *Majority* of Officers, Courtiers and Merchants. When it is neceſſary, I doubt not but every Country *Gentleman* will come into it.

CXXVI.

Wit and Wiſdom only differ in *Degree* and *Subject*.

CXXVII.

Fancy and Wiſdom ſeldom go together; nor are they *Fruits* of the ſame *Soil* or *Seaſon*.

CXXVIII.

A *Sublime Fancy* may by *Age* and *Experience* Cool into Wiſdom: Out of ſuch the *Great Men* of the *World* have been ever Form'd.

CXXIX.

There are few *Great Men* who have not Sacrific'd in the Temple of the *Muſes*: King *David* Wrote his *Pſalms*, *Julius Cæſar* a *Poem* in Praiſe of *Hercules*; *Auguſtus Cæſar* his *Ajax*, *Seneca* his *Tragedies*. Our *Cromwell* made an *Extempore Diſtich*, when he Diſſolv'd the long Parliament; which for it's *Oddneſs* I ſet down. *Magna Charta, Magna Farta.*

Petition of Right.
Petition of Fight.

CXXX.

The *Diſeaſes* of *Wiſdom* are *Covetouſneſs* and *Ambition*, thoſe of *Fancy* are *Lewdneſs* and *Luxury*: The Former injure the *World*; the Latter only the Perſon that is infected with 'em.

CXXXI.

Nature is many ways confin'd, where ſhe is Luxuriant, and Niggardly ſupply'd where ſhe is Deficient.

CXXXII.

Religion is an artificial *Reaſon*; and will make a *Fool* Wiſe, a *Knave* Honeſt, and a turbulent Seditious *Sectary* a Good Subject.

CXXXIII.

The *Law* of God is but the *Law* of Reaſon reveal'd, and Eſtabliſh'd under thoſe High *Rewards* and *Puniſhments* of *Heaven* and *Hell.*

CXXXIV.

He that has no *Charity* deſerves no *Mercy.*

CXXXV.

Some Men had rather be without *Reputation* themſelves, then allow others to have any.

CXXXVI.

Good Wit has the Sting as well as the Honey of the Bee : It differs from *Wiſdom* as the Edge of a *Razor* does from that of an *Axe.*

CXXXVII.

Buffoonry and *Scurrility* are the Corruption of Wit, as *Knavery* is of *VViſdom.*

CXXXVIII.

The *Great* Vulgar are more to be deſpis'd than the *Small.* The one Brutally neglects Learning, the other wants means to obtain it.

CXXXIX.

Envy and Malice make us know others : Self-love hinders us from knowing our ſelves.

CXL. Judg-

CXL.

Judgment is the *Fruit* of *Experience* and *Obſervation*, but it will not thrive in every *Soil*.

CXLI.

Wit and Muſick, like Wine and Women, are beſt a part.

CXLII.

None but *Engliſh* Men Drink with their Miſtreſſes.

CXLIII.

Men often think they are Courted and follow'd for their good *Company*, when at bottom it is only for the ſake of ridiculing ſome defect in them, which they themſelves don't perceive and others do.

CXLIV.

He makes a Silly *Fellow* no unwelcome *Preſent*, who brings him ſuch another Coxcomb as himſelf.

CXLV.

I can't tell who is moſt to blame, he that makes a *Secret* of nothing, or he that makes a *Secret* of every thing.

CXLVI. Friends

CXLVI.

Friends ſhould never ſay any thing of one another, that is not to their *Advantage*.

CXLVII.

I will tell a Merry *Story* of my *Friend* in one *Company*, and Deny or Excuſe it in another.

CXLVIII.

Men ſhould take care what they ſay of others, and to whom.

CXLIX.

All *Men* are ſuppos'd *Friends*, who have no *Reaſon* to be, or make no *ſhew* of being, otherwiſe.

CL.

The Duke *de Grammont* kept a ſcale of *Friendſhip*; if he found a *Man* more his Friend than he thought him, He put ſomething into it as to that Perſon; if he found he were leſs his *Friend* than he expected, he took ſomewhat out.

CLI.

Men ſhould not *Love*, much leſs *Hate* upon *Hear-ſay*.

CLII.

Few can, and none will, give a true *Character* of a conſiderable Man to a *Prince*, if he

he be not of his Court: They will *Sell* him, 'tis true, a good Name, but will freely *give* him nothing.

CLIII.

Such as beſt deſerve *Friends* are leaſt Induſtrious in procuring them.

CLIV.

Aſſiduity, *Hypocryſie*, *Flattery*, and *Bribery*, are the *Wings* that mount us to *Preferment*.

CLV.

Changing Officers without *Cauſe*, is ill *Huſbandry*.

CLVI.

If a *Man* finds he is not like to make a *long Gain*, he will make a quick one.

CLVII.

He that reſolves to die as high in *Quality* and *Fortune* as poſſible, muſt live very Slaviſhly and very *Knaviſhly*.

CLVIII.

Men and *Things* are ſo diſguis'd to Princes, that their *Errors* may be excus'd, and their Excellencies admired.

CLIX.

CLIX.

We have known one repreſented in our time as a *Mad-man* at *Kenſington*, while he was making *Laws* at *Weſtminſter*, with as good *Judgment* and *Reputation* as ever.

CLX.

A Woman had rather loſe her Gallant at *Tyburn*, than to a Rival.

CLXI.

The *Reaſon* why Women have a greater *ſhare* in the Government of *France*, than they have in that of *England*, is, becauſe *France* is a Government of Men, and *England* a Government of Laws, the former they know how to manage, the latter they are not bred to underſtand.

CLXII.

Witty *Men* commit the moſt Fatal *Errors*, as the Strongeſt *Horſes* make the moſt dangerous *Stumbles*.

CLXIII.

A moderate Genius goes fair and ſoftly; and advances ſlowly, but more certainly to a *Deſign*.

CLXIII.

Men are commonly cheated when they firſt enter upon Play; and *Women* in their *firſt Intrigue*.

CLXIV.

CLXIV.

Thoſe who beſtow moſt good words upon *Friendſhip*, ſeldom go any farther; they *Cully* to hide their want of Courage.

CLXV.

He who ſpeaks againſt Religion deſerves to be torn to Pieces by the Mob whom he endeavours to Unchain.

CLXVI.

The Clergy ſhould let fall ſome of their Hypocriſie, and the Gentry ſhould take it up, that they may think better of one another.

CLXVII.

To make a great *Man* your *Friend*, you muſt *Pimp* to his *Avarice*, *Luſt* or *Revenge*.

CLXVII.

Fear can keep a *Man* out of *Danger*, but *Courage* only can ſupport him in it.

CLXVIII.

Our greateſt *Diſappointments* proceed from our unreaſonable *Expectations*.

CLXIX.

CLXIX.

A *French Woman* governs her Gallant, even in matters of higheſt importance: an *Engliſh Woman* is a ſlave to hers.

CLXX.

Earl *Boſwell* fell out with *Mary*, Queen of *Scots*, becauſe ſhe would not Poyſon her Son *James* I. to make way for his *Iſſue* by her to the Crown.

CLXXI.

The beſt *Stomachs* can eat longeſt of the ſame *Diſh*, for which *Reaſon Women* are more conſtant than Men.

CLXXII.

Spending one's time ill is a *Fault*, but ſpending it ill at Church, is worſt of all.

CLXXIII.

Abandoning our Pariſh, and running from Church to Church, is a *Degree* of Spiritual *Incontinency*.

CLXXIV.

Getting of Ladies by drinking their *Healths*, now called *Toaſting* 'em, is ſuch another *Project* as a late Prince had of bringing in Popery with a *Proteſtant Army*.

CLXXV.

CLXXV.

A *Man* who does any *Service* ought to be the better for his Prince: Yet ſo as his *Prince* be not the worſe for him.

CLXXVI.

Illegal and unreaſonable *Requeſts* are imprudent as well as impudent.

CLXXII.

Courtiers brought *Charles* I. into *Want*; that *Want* put him upon *Illegal ways* of raiſing *Money*, thoſe *Illegal impoſitions* rais'd a *War*, which ended not but with the Life of that *Unfortunate* Prince.

CLXXIII.

A Gentleman is judged of by his *Company*, a *Workman* by his *Tools*, and a Prince by his Miniſters.

CLXXIX.

By *Variety* we prevent Satiety.

CLXXX.

A *Polititian* reads all that has been Written upon his Subject, that he may Write it over again; a Poet do's the like, leſt he ſhould.

CLXXXI.

CLXXXI.

Men venerate *ancient* Virtue, and Envy the *Preſent*: while we look upon 'em thro' ſuch different *Glaſſes* the former muſt carry it.

CLXXXII.

If a *Man* be *Powerful*, 'tis ten to one if I be the better for him: if he be *agreeable*, 'tis the ſame Odds but I am: Yet the one is Courted, the other not.

CLXXXIII.

The *People* are agitated by *Parties* and *Factions*, as Seas are by contrary *Winds*.

CLXXXIV.

Many *Men* are wanting to *Opportunity*, but *Opportunity* to more.

CLXXXV.

There's never a day paſſes wherein a *Man* may not be made *Miſerable*, yet there is no *day* in which he is not *Proud*, *Inſolent* and *Conceited*.

CLXXXVI.

A Prince ſhou'd reflect that he Governs *Men*, and that he himſelf is but *One*.

CLXXXVII. There

CLXXXVII.

There is a *Home Conqueſt* as well as a *Foreign*, and that is near at *Hand* when Uſurers, Lawyers, Courtiers, ſmall *Officers* belonging to the *Revenue*, and other *Up-ſtarts* poſſeſs themſelves of the Eſtates of Country *Gentlemen*, debauch their Corporations, and get into their Seats in Parliament.

CLXXXVIII.

The *Remedy* is not ſo *viſible* as the *Diſeaſe*.

LACONICS:

OR,

New Maxims

OF

State and *Converſation.*

PART II.

I.

HE has the *greateſt* blind ſide that thinks he has *none.*

II.

The good Opinion we have of our ſelves, is the Foundation of what we have of others.

III.

'Tis pitty that the Juſtice of a Man's Cauſe cannot always carry it againſt the Subtilty of his Adverſary's Council.

IV.

There is a Faſhion for *Wit* as well as *Cloaths*, therefore the preſent is no proper Judge of what is paſt, and ſhould not pretend to give Laws for what is to come.

V.

We often complain of a Coldneſs in our Friends Affection, to Juſtifie our ſelves if he ſhould ſuſpect any Change in us.

VI.

We are ſometimes conſtant in our Loves, not out of a Continuation of liking, but a Vain-glory of appearing Conſtant.

VII.

Intereſt as well as Vice puts on the *Maſque* of Vertue.

VIII.

The temper of the Mind is no more in our power, than the Health of the Body; and we can't inſure our ſelves from being angry to Morrow any more than from having a Fit of the Colick.

IX.

The Fair *Sex* would be an agreeable Amuſement to Mankind if they did not make ſo deep an Impreſſion.

X.

Love is often commended without deſign; and continu'd we know not why.

XI.

Hatred is as juſtifiable as Love: and often not ſo Cruel.

XII.

Lovers always complain of their Hearts, but nevertheleſs their Diſtemper lies in their Heads.

XIII.

Curioſity is often a Vice; yet Daughter to Reaſon. Many times we deſire to know only becauſe others do not.

XIV.

T[illegible] Qualifications of our Mind are very [illegible] and are [illegible] or bad only as the [illegible] makes [illegible]

XV.

No Man has a particular Fault, which he does not think he finds in all Mankind.

XVI.

Vice has a greater influence than Vertue.

XVII.

Want of Care does us more miſchief than want of Knowledge.

XVIII.

Our endeavour to be thought Wiſe, is an Argument we are not ſo.

XIX.

The *Throne* would be very *uneaſie* if the *Eccleſiaſtical Authority* had not perſwaded us it was *Sacred.*

XX.

That is not the only Error we ſtand indebted to the Church for.

XXI.

Reaſons of State are ſo very intricate, that a good Miniſter can hardly be a good Man.

XXII. There

XXII.

There are ſo many contingencies to make every deſign abortive, that it is almoſt Miraculous if any one ſucceed.

XXIII.

If the real Truth were known, it was accident not the prudence of the Miniſters that made the Turn of State.

XXIV.

Intereſt that makes ſome Men *Blind*, makes others very *ſharp-ſighted*.

XXV.

The Moderation of happy People is not an Effect of their Judgment; but a Calm of their Humours.

XXVI.

Princes are often *Merciful* only to gain the *good-will* of their *Subjects*.

XXVII.

The good-humour of ſome, whoſe circumſtances put them above the World, proceeds from the Fear of Envy, and a knowledge of that juſt contempt every body has for Pride.

XXVIII.

The affability of ſome Great Men, is to make us believe their Goodneſs greater than their Fortune.

XXIX.

Some *Generals* are prouder of a *Scratch*, than a Private *Centinel* of the *Loſs* of a *Limb*.

XXX.

Yet I know a *Young-Officer* that values himſelf more upon his *Wooden-Leg*, than his *Cap* and *Feather*.

XXXI.

Courage is not always *innate* : and a Man may learn to be *Brave*, as well as to Exerciſe a *Batallion*.

XXXII.

Jealouſie is a pardonable *Paſſion*; it is only a *Deſire* of *keeping* what is our *Own*, or what at leaſt we *think* ſo.

XXXIII.

If we had not Faults of our own, we ſhould not be ſo glad to obſerve 'em in other People.

XXXIV.

We tell *others* of their *Faults* more out of *Pride* than a *Deſire* they ſhou'd *Mend*; and call them to *Account* out of *Oſtentation*, as if we *Our ſelves* were *Innocent*.

XXXV.

XXXV.

Love only without a Companion, is an ill inducement to Matrimony.

XXXVI.

Some *Perſons* Preach and Pray *themſelves into Religion*, as *Hobbs* Diſputed himſelf *out* of it.

XXXVII.

The Lives of the Clergy ſecond their Doctrines ſo ill, that they make Atheiſts of thoſe that might prove honourable Converts.

XXXVIII.

He that wou'd make me believe a danger, muſt firſt ſhew me that he Fears it himſelf.

XXXIX.

Not only *Love* but every other *Paſſion*, makes *Fools* of *Wiſe Men*, and *Wiſe Men* of *Fools*.

XL.

Folly is a Weakneſs of Nature which we are too Partial in defining in Favour of our ſelves or others.

XLI.

Love is eaſier to Counterfeit, than Conceal: Yet if Women did not Flatter themſelves, we cou'd not ſo much impoſe on them.

XLII.

Every Paſſion moves by a peculiar Intereſt, and we ought to be very Cautious how we ſwallow their Reaſons.

XLIII.

The Favours we confer turn often as much to our Diſadvantage, as the ill Offices we render.

XLIV.

'Tis the Nature of the Creature makes the *Honey-Suckle* Poyſon to the Spider, and not to the *Bee*.

XLV.

A Prince's Negligence or Fear; or ſometimes a Word from a Favorite, or importunity from ſome body elſe, makes a Pardon Paſs for an Act of Mercy, when his Clemency had nothing to do in it.

XLVI.

To be often in Love ſhews Levity of Mind; but to be never ſo, Stupidty.

XLVII.

He that Forſwears being in Love Proclaims himſelf a Fool.

XLVIII. He

XLVIII.

He that Marries for an Eſtate, is Happier than he expected, if he meets with a good Wife.

XLIX.

Women are neither thoſe Angels nor thoſe Devils we deſcribe 'em.

L.

Matrimony is not ſo *Heavy* a Yoke as *Batchelors* pretend, nor ſo *Eaſie* as the *Husbands* give out: Yet would be a much more happy State than generally it is found, if 'twere entered upon as it ought.

LI.

Who thinks a *Woman* has no *Merit* but her Money, ought to be a *Cuckold*.

LII.

A violent Paſſion hardly ever brought two together, but it made 'em Miſerable.

LIII.

What the generality of men take for *Virtues*, are only *Vices* in *Maſquerade*.

LIV.

Many great Actions owe their Succeſs to *Chance*, tho' the *General* and *Stateſ-man run away* with the *Applauſe*.

LV.

'Tis not always *Courage* that makes a Man *Fight*, nor *Chaſtity* that keeps *Women* from being *Whores*.

LVI.

We often Judge Wrong, becauſe we don't ſee things as really they are.

LVII.

Ignorance in many things is not a *Reproach* to Mankind, becauſe it ſhews the *infinity* of that *Wiſdom* that *Created* 'em.

LVIII.

'Tis but a Precarious Felicity not to be Miſerable.

LIX.

The *making* our Fortune *lyes* oftner in our *Power* than we think for: and we *Miſcarry* only becauſe, in the Hurry and Diſtraction of what Method to take, we *loſe* the *opportunity* of the *beſt*.

LX. Our

LX.

Our pity is often miſapply'd : for none can tell what another Feels.

LXI.

There is a great deal of Hypocriſie in Sick-men, the Convulſions of their Eyes and Contorſions of their Faces is not always an effect of pain : they ſpeak low to make us believe 'em Faint ; they Sigh and Shriek out to force our Compaſſion, then ſuddenly Recollect themſelves to a Calm : by all theſe Grimaces of Pain they would prepoſſeſs us of the greatneſs of their Sufferings, and by their Reſignation, perſwade us of their Piety.

LXII.

Some Men have been thought *Brave* becauſe in the *Heat* of the *Battel* they were *afraid* to Run away.

LXIII.

A *Brave* Man may do himſelf Juſtice without *Vanity*, but hardly without *Cenſure*.

LXIV.

Moſt Men are *Shock'd* when any *one* is very much *Commended* : We think every Body *Flatter'd* but *our ſelves*.

LXV.

A Gentleman may *think* ill of a Woman, but will never *ſpeak* it.

LXVI.

A Woman is oftner *unhappy* in the Perſon ſhe *Chooſes*, then in the Favour ſhe *Grants*.

LXVII.

'Tis difficult to bring a Woman to *Confeſs* ſhe Loves you, but when ſhe has once done it ſhe has no further *Secret* to keep from you.

LXVIII.

No *Law* binds Women ſo much as *Modeſty*: If they once break *that*, there is none they will *keep*.

LXIX.

Reputation is a greater *Tye* upon a Woman than *Nature*, or they would not commit *Murder* to prevent *Infamy*.

LXX.

The fear of *Diſgrace* is often all the *Virtue* a Woman has.

LXXI. *Edu-*

LXXI.

Education to a Gentleman, is like an *Artiſt* to a rough *Diamond*, even the worſt receives an Embelliſhment.

LXXII.

Wiſe Men are the *better* for *Travelling*; but *Fools* are always the *Worſe*.

LXXIII.

He that pretends to hate *Woman-kind* is only in Love with *himſelf*.

LXXIV.

We call Fortune *Blind*, becauſe we are ſo our ſelves.

LXXV.

She that *Scorns* every Body, will *Court* the Man that Scorns her.

Pride is ſo Eſſential to Women, that they will ſometimes *Sacrifice* their *Honours* to *enlarge* their *Conqueſt's*.

LXXVI.

We had rather accuſe *Nature*, than our ſelves, and therefore Tax her with thoſe very overſights we our ſelves commit.

LXVII.

Some Men are *Peeviſh* in their *illneſs*, out of envy to anothers Health.

LXXVIII.

We pay *Cent. per Cent.* for every *Pleaſure* without *Virtue.*

LXXIX.

A Woman never thinks how Falſe ſhe is to her ſelf, nor ever Pardons a Man's being ſo to her.

LXXX.

Virtues go often *alone*, Vices *never.*

LXXXI.

When a Woman has granted that *one thing*, ſhe afterwards can refuſe *nothing.*

LXXXII.

We don't always Love the Woman we think Handſome.

LXXXIII.

Love is very *unaccountable* ; and never ſo *Violent* but one *unexpected* Action may turn it to *hatred.*

LXXXIV. There

LXXXIV.

There is a *Fatality* attends our Actions: they are ſeldom *good* or bad meerly as we them.

LXXXV.

An unexpected turn of Affairs has frequently given a Luſtre to an indifferent States-man.

LXXXVI.

The good Opinion we have of our ſelves makes us Blind to all other Men's Virtues.

LXXXVII.

Envy is ſo great a Proof of a *a Poor* Spirit that no Body will *Own* it, and yet no Body is *without* it.

LXXXVIII.

None could Flatter us, if we did not Flatter our ſelves firſt.

LXXXIX.

The Satisfaction we take in a Friends good Fortune, is not from a Principle of good Nature, but Intereſt: We expect to riſe in our turns, or to be the better for them that are riſen.

XC.

Pride is a Monſter that reconciles all Contradictions: it will Suffer it ſelf to be trampled upon in hopes to riſe; is inſolent where it can't be advanc'd; will beg tho' it may command, and refuſe where it can oblige; it keeps it ſelf within its ſelf, yet is open to every Body: It is ſparing and Expenſive, Meek and Imperious, a Tyrant and a Slave: It is it's own Idol, yet will bow down to any Body: But what Devotion ſoever it pays to others, it tends all to it ſelf at Laſt.

XCI.

Paſſion is *born* with us, and cannot *Dye* without us.

XCII.

'Tis not a Love to Vertue, but a Felicity of Temper that makes us good.

XCIII.

What we will do, is not in our power to Determine, ſince we cannot tell what will happen.

XCIV.

Our partiality to our ſelves makes us unjuſt to other Men.

XCV. We

XCV.

'Tis true, we are not always vain enough to think our ſelves the beſt, but ſeldom will allow any Body to be much better.

XCVI.

We don't repent out of Horrour for having offended; but for fear of being puniſh'd.

XCVII.

We ſhould never condemn *Injuſtice*, but that we fear'd to be *Loſers* by it.

XCVIII.

We have been Judges *juſt*, not out of *Equity*, but *Oſtentation*.

XCIX.

Some known ſo *hardned* in the Authority of their *Scarlet*, that they have *Dar'd* publickly to *oppoſe* Juſtice.

C.

Others have *Cring'd* for the *Mace*, and then *Laugh'd* at their *Soveraign's* Frowns.

CI.

Some have *Fin'd* Men conſiderably for the very ſame Fault they came juſt from *Committing* themſelves.

CII.

A Man calmly draws a *Bill* of *Divorce*, and rails bitterly at the Lady, yet at the ſame *interim* comes *reeking* from *Adultery* himſelf.

CIII.

Some *Judges* are *Severe*, not out of a *Deteſtation* to *Crimes*, but a *Thirſt* of *Blood*.

CIV.

He that is *pleaſed* with an *Accuſation*, ſhews he Loves *Miſchief*.

CV.

'Tis eaſier to *Ridicule*, than *Commend*.

CVI.

A young Man can't ſupport the Character of *Reſerv'd*, without being *Impertinent*.

CVII.

Boldneſs in Youth marks a Fire in the Temper, which time and care will bring to *good*.

CVIII.

A Woman always *Loves* a *Man* becauſe *he is a Man*; we *Love* a Woman becauſe ſhe is *Handſome.*

CIX.

Nothing makes us ſo eaſie in the unequal Diſtribution of the Goods of Fortune, as the Opinion we have of our own Deſert.

CX.

'Twas not *Probity* made the Philoſophers Contemn *Riches*, but their *Vanity* turn'd their *Deſpair* into a *Seeming* Vertue.

CXI.

A *Quaker* is Prouder of his *Diminutive Cravat*, than a *Beau* of his *Steenkirk.*

CXII.

It ought to be a very great Mortification to a Man to Conſider how very inconſiſtent he is with himſelf.

CXIII.

'Tis not *Temperance* but *Fear* of being *Sick* that makes us *Abſtemious.*

CXIV.

Want of Conſideration is the *Mother* of moſt Follies.

CXV.

Kings often put on a *Careful Look*, that their *Grandeur* may be leſs *invidious* to their Subjects.

CXVI.

The Severeſt Article of Dependance to a Man of Honour, is that he muſt ſuffer his Patron.

CXVII.

Virtue is but a *poor* Reward to it ſelf; yet very rarely has any other.

CXVIII.

If *Kings* had not Guilt the Profeſſion of Arms with Honour and Advantage, no reaſonable Man would be a *Sacrifice* to their Ambition and Injuſtice; and Profeſs himſelf an open Enemy to thoſe that never did him any Harm.

CXIX.

The *Diadem* is not ſo *ſoft* Lin'd, but that it Sits *Heavy* on every Monarchs *Brows*.

CXX.

We are often *kind* to the *Woman* we *Love*, out of *Vanity*, more than *Inclination*.

CXXI. 'Tis

CXXI.

'Tis a ſad *Truth*, tho' Women won't *Believe* it, that our Paſſion *Ends* where their's *Begins*.

CXXII.

There muſt be a *Concurrence* of *Chance* to make a *Great Man*; *Merit* alone will never do it.

CXXIII.

'Tis the *Misfortune* of Kings, that the *Grandeur* of their State, won't permit 'em to taſt of the *Felicities* of a *Private Life*.

CXXIV.

If they did *Diveſt* themſelves of the *Luſtre* of their Authority we ſhould ſee they were *but* Men, and have the *leſs* regard for 'em.

CXXV.

That Prince has but an *ill* time on't who neither *Loves* his People, nor they *Fear* him.

CXXVI.

The Hearts of Subjects are the Strongeſt Forts a King can have.

CXXVII.

There is nothing really *Auguſt* in the Perſon of a King, but his *Goodneſs*.

CXXVIII.

Power *Miſapply'd* is the *Miſery* of a *People*.

CXXIX.

Many can bear *Adverſity*, but few *Contempt*.

CXXX.

The *Straightneſs* of ſome Peoples *Circumſtances*, would be *leſs intollerable*, if leſs *known*.

CXXXI.

'Tis *Pride* and not *Nature* that Craves for More.

CXXXII.

Some pretend to be *Zealous* Patriots only to *Cloak* their *Malice* and *Ambition*; therefore are always railing at Governments if they can have no hand in them.

CXXXIII.

The *beſt* Miniſters are *bad* in ſome Men's Eyes: yet the *worſt* are more capable than they themſelves are.

CXXXIV.

A ſudden *Change* of *State* has given riſe to a *Man* that lay long *Obſcure*: yet he ſupported the *Luſtre* of the *Purſe* with ſome *Honour*, tho' not without *Suſpicion* of *Improbity*.

CXXV. There

CXXXV.

There is a *Prince* Born far from *Paris*, who Governs his People without being *Belov'd* by them, and runs no great Riſque from their *Hatred* : It is Miraculous to ſee what Work he has Cut out and Finiſh'd with ſuch *Tools* as are about him : yet he buſtles through the World not without the *Character* of a *Great Man.*

CXXXVI.

Folly is the *Product* of all Countries, and Ages.

CXXXVII.

Wit often expoſes a *Woman* to Danger, as *Mettle* does a Blind *Horſe.*

CXXXVIII.

The Duties are at preſent ſo High upon Preferment, that Men of Honour don't care for Trading.

CXXXIX.

Jealouſie is Honouring our *Rivals* , and undervaluing *our ſelves.*

CXL.

All Women are *Pleaſed* with the *jealouſie* of their Lovers, and yet it is a *Suſpicion* of their *Virtue.*

CXLI.

He that Meaſures his *Felicity* by other Mens *Opinions*, is either a *Fool* or a *Coward*.

CXLII.

He that Rewards Flattery Begs it.

CXLIII.

The Ladys will eaſily pardon a Man's want of *Senſe*, but rarely his want of *Manners*.

CXLIV.

'Tis pity there is ſo much *Vanity* in the *Compoſition* of Womankind.

CXLV.

Women owe their Ruin more to one another than to us.

CXLVI.

'Tis Dangerous for a Prince to give Publick Moneys to particular Perſons.

CXLVII.

The *Weakeſt* Judgments have the *Strongeſt* Paſſions.

CXLVIII. The

CXLVIII.

The *greatest* Misfortune a Prince can have is when he will not hear *Truth.*

CXLIX.

The Wisdom of a Nation call'd a Man to Account, Spew'd him out of the *Parliament*, sent him to Prison; the *Metropolis* of that same *Realm* made him a *Magistrate*, and the *Monarch* a *Knight.*

CL.

A Golden Shield is of great Defence.

CLI.

From the first Institution of the *Priesthood* they were *Covetous*, *Gluttonous*, and *Unjust.*

CLII.

The taking *Clergy Men* into private Families has made the *widest* Breaches in *Oeconomy.*

CLIII.

The admitting Men *indifferently* into Orders has made that *Occupation* Multiply beyond our *Benefices* or our *Bounty.*

CLIV.

The necessity's of some *Cassocks* bring dayly Reflections on the *Mitre.*

CLV.

CLV.

It gives us but an ill Impreſſion of the capacity of the *Gentlemen* of the *Faculty*, to ſee *Medicines* have their *Faſhions* like *Hats* and *Wiggs* : Nothing is Cur'd now without *Jeſuits Powder*, *Opium* and *Steel*.

CLVI.

We are *Virtuous* or *Vicious* by *Complexion*.

CLVII.

He that takes the greateſt Pains to be thought *Brave*, is *Generally* the *Greateſt Coward*.

CLVII.

Men are *Martyrs* to their *Opinion*, not *Religion*.

CLVIII.

'Tis not always *want* of *Courage* to refuſe to Fight.

CLIX.

We have our Days of *Acting well*, as of *Looking well*.

CLX.

A Prince muſt be a very good Man to make a tolerable One.

CLXI.

We have ſeen *Public* Juſtice ſuſpended in *Favour* of a *Private* Man's Intereſt.

CLXII. No-

CLXII.

Nothing ſometimes Stoops *lower* than *Pride.*

CLXIII.

Some Men are *juſtly* the *Envy* of the *People:* they *get* every thing and *Merit* nothing.

CLXIV.

'Tis only *Envy* that is *Offended*, when *Virtue* is *Preferr'd.*

CLXV.

Some Men *Divide* themſelves into *Parties* out of *Faction* not a *Love* to *Juſtice.*

CLXVI.

The *Inſolence* of *Officers*, makes the *want* of *Employments* more inſupportable.

CLXVII.

Why can't a *Method* be Found to make Men in Places leſs *Invidious?*

CLXVIII.

'Tis irkſome to a People to ſee *Moneys* given for *Publick* uſes, *Squanderd* away upon *Private* Perſons.

CLIX.

There are *Many* things a Prince cannot do himſelf, but there is *almoſt nothing* but what he *ought* to *inſpect*.

CLXX.

A Prince that always takes *Council* of *Foreigners*, will be thought ſome times *not to conſult the realy Intereſt of his People.*

CLXXI.

Fear is the Root of Danger, and the Fruit of Guilt.

CLXXII.

A Fool or a Coward can never be a real Friend.

CLXXIII.

There is ſomewhat that Borders upon Madneſs in every Exalted Wit.

CLXXIV.

That People which Conſtitutes the Honour and Safety of a Prince ſhould at leaſt partake of his Smiles.

CLXXV.

A Prince may be Familiar with his Subjects without Derogating from his Majeſty: but not Supercilious without Danger.

CLXXVI.

A Prince that is ſeldom in his Subjects Eyes, will never be very deep in their Hearts.

CLXXVII.

A Wiſe Man won't Employ a Fool in a Weighty Buſineſs.

CLXXIII.

Ambaſſadours that Princes ſend are often Look'd upon as the Model of the Court they come from.

CLXXIX.

T'would be more for the Honour and Intereſt of a Prince to Buy Men, then to Sell Places.

CLXXX.

A Wiſe Prince ſhould Suit his Gifts to Mens Capacities, not their Cravings.

CLXXXI.

A Man that Spends his Eſtate upon his Eſtate, muſt be very unfortunate, if he don't improve his Eſtate.

CLXXXII.

While Landlords Live in *London*, they Sink their Rents in the Country.

CLXXXIII. To

CLXXXIII.

To be Happy a Man muſt be neither Invidious, nor Contemptible.

CLXXXIV.

Princes think it neceſſary to Promiſe ſometimes, when they know it would not be Wiſdom to Perform.

CLXXXV.

'Tis only Pride makes us deſire to be Pity'd.

LCXXXVI.

Pity is oftner Flattery than Affection.

CLXXXVII.

A Fop is in Education what a Pedant is in Learning.

LXXXVIII.

He will never be thought a diſintereſſed Member, who receives a Penſion from the Crown.

CLXXXIX.

Lawyers in Parliament, as elſewhere, oftner Puzzle than clear a Cauſe.

CXC.

A Place at Court is a Continual Bribe.

CXCI.

Why is not a Regiment as great a Bribe as ſo much a Year out of the Privy Purſe?

CXCII.

Soldiers in Parliament will hardly ever promote War, if they are Eſtabliſh'd in time of Peace.

CXCIII.

What Women call Inconſtancy in us, is not an Argument of Levity, but their Inſufficiency to Pleaſe.

CXCIV.

He that Courts what he pretends not to like, is only afraid others ſhould be of his Mind.

CXCV.

Thoſe will never Value how much Mony they give the King, who are to Divide it after it is given.

CXCVI.

Who knows when to Leave off Taking for himſelf?

CLCXVII.

Women are ſooner Pleaſed than Men, but not ſo ſoon Satisfied.

CLXCVIII.

A good Man will think himſelf always your Debtor, if you have done him ever ſo little Service.

CLXCIX.

'Tis a ſhame that a Man of known Capacity, and Integrity ſhould not be in a Condition to Serve his Country, without Cringing to every Scoundrel of a Corporation.

CC.

A Woman may pretend ſhe's Angry when we tell her we Love her: But in her Heart to be ſure ſhe's Pleas'd.

CCI.

Some Women have ſuch a Vanity to be talk'd of, that they had rather their Faults ſhould be Expos'd than not have their Names in every Body's Mouth.

CCII.

Many were thought able Men till they came to be Employ'd.

CCIII. Some

CCIII.

Some People have Naturally such an Intemperance of Speech, that they will rather Talk of their own Faults, than let their Tongues lye still.

CCIV.

We charge Nature with all our Faults, but make our Virtues pass for the Effect of our Reason and Choice, and both injustly.

CCV.

The Fear of Death has not that power over us as that of Reproach.

CCVI.

Nature has made Man Legible to almost every Body but himself.

CCVII.

We are most of us made Cowards by the Foolish impressions of our Infancy.

CCVIII.

He has Liv'd to a good old Age indeed who never was Capable of Folly.

CCIX.

Nature made it a Stone, the Statuary an Image, and our Bowing down to it, a God.

CCX.

Few of us would have Courage enough to dare to Live, if our Pride did not draw a Veil over the moſt Conſiderable of our Weakneſſes.

CCXI.

'Tis out of hopes we Promiſe; but out of Fear that we perform.

CCXII.

Intereſt is an Extraordinary Actor; there is no part, ever ſo high or low but it can Act.

CCXIII.

He that refuſes to be Commended, only deſires you to Commend him again.

CCXIV.

The deſire of Praiſe makes us often do our Duty.

CCXV.

'Tis Nature that gives us the Merit; but Chance that Rewards us for it.

CCVI. There

CCXVI.

There is ſomething of Intrinſic Value in all Coyn that makes it Current: But the King makes a Nobleman of whom he pleaſes, and the World muſt receive him as ſuch.

CCXVII.

There are many don't believe themſelves Handſome, but not one that thinks himſelf intolerable.

CCXIII.

If I were as inconſiderable in my own Eyes, as I may be in ſome of my Neighbour's, I ſhould hardly be ſo impudent as to Live.

CCXIX.

Not only Beauty gives Love, but Love Beauty to the Object that raiſes it; and if the Poſſeſſion be ſtrong enough, let it come from what it will, there will always be Beauty enough in the Perſon that gives it.

CCXX.

We are never ſo ridiculous by the Defects we have, as by thoſe we endeavour to conceal, or Affect to Poſſeſs.

CCXXI.

All is not ſaid, all is not done: there will ever ſomething *New* appear in the World, either in Sciences or Arts.

CCXXII.

Few Men Pleaſe us; Agreed: But then we we Pleaſe as few.

CCXXIII.

A wiſe Man ought to avoid a precipitate Fortune: 'Tis like a Flood which is ſoon followed by an Ebb.

CCXXIV.

We Buſie our Selves in Inſtructing Others, yet do not care to take the Advice we give.

CCXXV.

Women have all in their Power, becauſe they Govern thoſe that Command All.

CCXXVI.

Women are thoſe that do more Miſchief by their Love, than their Hatred.

CCXXVII.

Many are capable of getting Reputation, *but* few are able to Manage it well when *gotten.*

CXXVIII. Some

CCXXVIII.

Some Men become Merit, and others do not.

CCXXIX.

The Name of a *Wit* is become a Slander, ſince it is commonly beſtow'd by thoſe that have none, upon thoſe that have little.

CCXXX.

I know no Merit ſufficient to Ballance an ill Action.

CCXXXI.

We ought not to Flatter our ſelves, that we pleaſe in all things, ſince 'twould be ſufficient if we could pleaſe in ſome.

CCXXXII.

A Critick, in the Modern Acceptation, rarely riſes in the World: His Profeſſion keeps him under; when a Candid Judge of things, gains every Body's Eſteem.

CCXXXIII.

If we deceive we are oftentimes more oblig'd to anothers Weakneſs, than our own Cunning.

CCXXXIV.

Either Decline being truſted with a Secret, or endeavour to render your ſelf capable of keeping it.

CCXXXV.

He that Affects always ſhewing his Wit, ſeldom fails of letting the World know that he has little or none.

CCXXXVI.

The only way to be reveng'd on a Perſon that Talks too much, is not to give him the Hearing.

CCXXXVII.

Some People would pleaſe more in Converſation, if they did not endeavour to tell all in a Moment that they had been Learning many Years.

CCXXXIII.

Always apprehend the Viſits of thoſe whoſe Memories, or Pockets may Furniſh them with means to Diſturb you.

CCIX.

To have neither Merits, nor Fortune is the greateſt unhappineſs that can befall a Man; but the Gift of either recompenſes the want of one.

CCXL.

The firſt ſtep to a Great Man's Favour, is to get in with his Miſtreſs, or his *Valet de Chambre.*

CCXLI.

Pride does not become a Rich Man, but 'tis Inſupportable in a Poor one.

CCXLII.

A Parſon that is now a days contented with two Benefices, may be ſaid to be moderate, but he that is Satisfied with one is a Prodigy.

CCXLIII.

If *Garther's Diſpenſary* wanted Indulgence, the Fault was not in the Morals of the Poet, but in the Unconſcionableneſs of the *Apothecaries* and their *Adherents.*

CCXLIV.

A Clergy Man is concern'd at his want of Memory to Preach without Book: His Concern is an Effect of his Pride, and yet he comes to Preach of Humility.

CCXLV.

Strange Unnatural Fathers! You will neither give your Children occaſion to Love you whilſt you Live, nor to regret the Loſs of you after you are Dead.

CCXLVI.

A Man the moſt Independant has always ſome body that Governs him.

CCXLVII.

A Woman muſt be very Accompliſh'd indeed, that can prevent her Husband's being concern'd at his Marrying of her.

CCXLVIII.

Friendſhips ſeem confirm'd by Virtue of Alliances, but are nevertheleſs often disjoin'd on Account of Intereſts.

CCXLIX.

A Man that delays to Marry his Daughter, is many times a Grandfather before he deſires it.

CCL.

Marriage makes very few People happy, becauſe few Marry with a deſign to be ſo.

CCLI.

If a Woman's Councel be moſt commonly to be deſpis'd, it is not however always to be Rejected.

CCLII.

A Man is deſervedly puniſh'd that Marries at an Age when he muſt bluſh at his Impotence.

CCLIII.

A Man that winks at his Wife's ill Conduct, has undoubtedly Intrigues of his own.

CCLIV.

A Woman Forſaken by her Husband is to be comforted, but when her Lover leaves her, ſhe is Inconſolable.

CCLV.

A Woman's Chaſtity is not to be endur'd, where ſhe expects an Uncontroulable Liberty in Lieu of it.

CCLVI.

A Womans Vertue is commendable, providing ſhe does not value her ſelf too much upon it.

CCLVII.

There's no Woman won't be Civil to her Husband, when ſhe has a Mind to conceal her Lover from him.

CCLVIII.

A Woman's Vertue, for the moſt part, depends on her Husbands behaviour to her.

CCLXIX.

Some Men had rather hear themſelves Accus'd of a great Vice, than commended for Loving their Wives.

CCLX.

Few Husbands deſerve to be obey'd, and Fewer Wives to be belov'd.

CCLXI.

What a ridiculous Oeconomy is there between a *Rampant* Wife, and a *Couchant* Husband?

CCLXII.

Widows ſhed the more Tears out of hopes of encouraging a Second Husband to expect the ſame Favour.

CCLXIII.

A Gameſters Goods are ſo often in the Brokers hands, that they in a manner become Proprietors of them.

CCLXIV.

Women are leſs indebted to their Charms, than to our Weakneſs.

CCLXV.

Women are the firſt that are Poſſeſs'd of an Opinion of their Beauty, and the Laſt that quit it.

CCLXVI.

Our Reputation does not depend abſolutely on our Merit, ſince it is entirely at the Diſpoſal of the Publick.

CCLXVII.

Man is a great Example to Humble himſelf by.

CCLXVIII.

The Infancy of old Age is more Inſupportable than that of Youth.

CCLXIX.

'Twould be too cruel to hinder an Unhappy Man from complaining, ſince that is all the Comfort he has.

CCLXX

We may paſs from Prodigality to Avarice, but never back again.

CCLXXI.

One condemns a Covetous Man, that would have been ſorry if his Father had not been ſo.

CCLXXII. Even

CCLXXII.

Even Covetous Men have their Intervals of Generoſity.

CCLXXIII.

It is not Conſtancy to Love always, but to Perſevere in that Paſſion to the ſame Perſon.

CCLXXIV.

Idleneſs firſt Invented Gaming, and Intereſt keeps it up.

CCLXXV.

Gaming is fit only for thoſe that have great Eſtates, or thoſe that have none.

CCLXXVI.

Women now a-days are not aſham'd to be ſeen in publick with the very Men they keep.

CCLXXVII.

Intereſt has introduc'd the Uſe of Flattery, and Flattery that of Epiſtles Dedicatory.

CCLXXVIII.

If Women could be perſwaded that nothing but Knowledge can entitle them to Talk, they would bluſh with ſhame for being for ever Oblig'd to hold their Tongues.

CCLXXIX.

Two Enemies ought never to Engage at Play, for that will be ſure to encreaſe their Hatred.

CCLXXX.

A Man that is capable of other Things, ſeldom underſtands Play, for what Incapacitates him for that, makes others good Gameſters.

CCLXXXI.

There is ſo much Honeſty Obſerv'd in Paying Debts contracted at Play, that Poor Creditors would be glad of the ſame advantage.

LACONICS:

OR,

New Maxims

OF

State and *Converſation.*

PART III.

I.

WE naturally Love to Cheat, 'tis Interwoven with our Conſtitution, by the ſame token we often boaſt that we have Palm'd falſe Dice upon others, when we our ſelves are the Bubbles. Do but hear, ſays Sir *John Squander*, what a Trick I put upon a Whore laſt Night: Fore George I made the ſilly Baggage take a *Lewis d'or* for Seventeen and Sixpence, after the Proclamation.

II.

A Soldier, a Vintner, and a Phyſician are the Three Degrees of Compariſon; And ſo are a Cut-throat, a Backbiter, and a Flatterer: But the Phyſician is the Superlative Murderer, and a Flatterer the Superlative Villain.

III.

How is poſſible, ſays Madam *B*——— for a Woman to keep her Cabinet unpicked, when every Raskal has got a Key to't? Ay but Madam, the Raskal's Key ſignifies not a Farthing, unleſs the Owner of the Cabinet at leaſt goes halves with him.

IV.

A Widow and a Government are ready upon all occaſions to Tax the new Husband, and the new Prince with the Merits of their Predeceſſors, unleſs the Former Husband was Hang'd, and the Former King ſent to Graſs; and then they bid them take Fair Warning by their Deſtiny.

V.

For a King to engage his People in a War to Carry off every little ill Humour of State, is like a Phyſician's Ordering his Patient a Flux for every Pimple.

VI. Scandal

VI.

Scandal is a never-failing Vehicle for Dullneſs. The *True-born Engliſh Man* had died ſilently among the Grocers and Trunk-makers, if the Libeller had not helped off the Poet.

VII.

Merit is not always the Road to Preferment. Some Men get it by reſolving not to be denied, as *Iriſh Men* in Town Pick up Women, by Hunting them as School-boys do Squirrels, till they are Weary and Fall down before them.

VIII.

A thouſand Actions paſs in the World for Vertuous, tho' they proceed from a quite different Principle. My Lord Releaſed *Arſennus* Out of Gaol, and Paid his Debts. This every one Applauded as an Act of the Higheſt and moſt diſintereſſed Generoſity. They little knew that my Lord at the ſame time Lay every Night with *Arſennus*'s Siſter.

IX.

Tho' a Soldier in time of Peace is like a Chimny in Summer, yet what wiſe Man would pluck down his Chimny, becauſe his Almanac tells him 'tis the Middle of *June* ?

X.

War, as the World goes at preſent, is a Nurſery for the Gallows, as *Hodgsden* is for the Meetings, and *Bartholomew-Fair* for the two Play Houſes.

XI.

A Woman may learn one uſeful Doctrine from the Game of *Backgammon*, which is not to take up her Man till ſhe's ſure of binding him. Had Madam C---and ſome of our Young Ladies conſidered this, they would not have made ſuch a Blot in their Tables.

XII.

'Tis a Mortification to a Prince to ſee an old Miniſter torn from him, but Self-preſervation is the firſt Law of Nature: And any Man in his Senſes would ſooner ſubmit to part with his Crutch than, his Leg.

XIII.

The ſureſt way of Governing both in a private Family and a Kingdom, is for a Husband and a Prince ſometimes to drop their Prerogative.

XIV.

Could a Woman keep her Failings to her ſelf as well as ſhe does her Age, *Cheapſide* would be the Happieſt place in the World, and *the* Houſe would not be troubled every Seſſion *to Grant* Bills of Divorce.

XV. 'Tis

XV.

'Tis the moſt Nonſenſical thing in the World for a Man to be Proud, ſince 'tis in the meaneſt Wretch's power to Mortifie him. How uneaſie have I ſeen My Lord *All-pride* in the Park, when the Company turn'd their Eyes from him and his Gaudy Equipage!

XVI.

Gaming find's a Man a Cully, and leaves him a Knave.

XVII.

The generality of Women would ſooner be found in Bed with a Gallant, than in their Undreſs; and ſome Men in the in the World would rather be ſeen with their Miſſes in the *Park* than their Wives.

XVIII.

The greateſt Men may ſometimes over-ſhoot themſelves, but then their very miſtakes are ſo many Leſſons of Inſtruction.

XIX.

Examples make a greater Impreſſion upon us than Precepts. The ſight of Sir *Edward B——h* Running after a Coach for Sixpence, will ſooner reclaim a Prodigal than a Sermon.

XX.

An old Counſellor in *Holbourn* us'd every Execution-day to turn out his Clerks with this Complement, Go, ye young Rogues, go to School, and Improve.

XXI.

Of all our Infirmities Vanity is the deareſt to us. A Man will Starve his other Vices to keep that alive.

XXII.

How many Fops at *Man*'s Coffee-houſe and *Wills* have laid out the only Half Crown they had in the World upon a Ounce of Snuff, when they wanted a Dinner, and their Lodgings were unpaid ?

XXIII.

Young *Cotilus*'s Penſion for his Weekly Expences amounts juſt to Twenty Shillings. His Chairmen run away with Eighteen of it, and he Finds Tea and Chocolate, Eſſence and Powder out of the Reſt.

XXIV.

Vanity is ſo inſeparable from our Nature, that it ſurvives our Aſhes, and takes care of Epitaphs and Tombſtones before we Die. *Clearchus* was as Brave as *Hercules* : he had *given Proofs* of his Valour upon a thouſand occaſions,

occaſions, yet once upon a Time had a Diſh of hot Coffee Flung in his Face, and bore it patiently. The reaſon was, he had a Foul Shirt on, and was loth to Die in it.

XXV.

A Citizen, that thinks to Compound for Forty Years Knavery by Building a Lowſie Hoſpital, and Endowing a Paltry Lecture, does not offer ſo much for a good Seat in Heaven, as he would do for one in *Middleſex*. He does not bid above Ten Years Purchaſe for Eternity.

XXVI.

In Point of Intereſt, if there were no more in't, a Man ſhould rather leſſen himſelf than pretend to too much. A famous Inſtance of this we had in a Late *Quack*: not Content to be the Seventh Son of a Seventh Son, he muſt needs call himſelf the Unborn Doctor. This was too much for the Multitude to Swallow, ſo the Coxcomb Starv'd between his two Titles.

XXVII.

The Church of *England* generally Preaches *Alcali's*, the Presbyterians *Acids*. Both may do well according to the different Conſtitutions they Meet, but the Former ſeem to operate beſt with the Men of Senſe, and the latter with the Mobb.

XXVIII.

There's nothing like bearing an Injury or a Jeſt Heroically. The Town may Da--Da--Damn me for Poet, ſays *Cherilus*, but they Si--Si--Sing my Songs for all that.

XXIX.

'Tis in Vain to regret a Misfortune when 'tis paſt retrieving, but few have Philoſophy or Strength enough to Practiſe it. A Famous Phyſician ventured Five Thouſand *Guinea's* upon a Project in the *South-Sea*. When he was told at *Garraway*'s that 'twas all Loſt, why, ſays he, 'tis but going up Five Thouſand Pair of Stairs more. This anſwer deſerv'd a Statue.

XXX.

We have different Notions of Providence. What one Man calls a Misfortune, another Man would call a Bleſſing. Bully *Dawſon* was overturn'd in a Hack, not far from his Lodgings. This ſaved him Coach-hire, or at leaſt the trouble of Bilking poor *Jehu*, and to his Dying day he look'd upon it as one of the greateſt Mercies that ever befell him. A Big-bellied Woman would have Miſcarried upon't.

XXXI. That

XXXI.

That which Diſcompoſes one Man, and breaks his reſt, makes another Laugh.

XXXII.

Damon met *Macer* once in an extravagant Heat, railing at the Horrid ingratitude of the Age, and what not. Never was any Man ſays the latter, ſo barbarouſly and inhumanly us'd as I have been. There's no Faith, nor Honeſty, nor Morals in the World. Why what's the matter, cries *Damon*. That Eternal execrable Dog of a Printer, Replies the other, has Work'd off the laſt Sheet of my Poems, without Sending me a Proof.

XXXIII.

A Change is not always for the beſt. We have ſometimes ſeen the Miniſtry Diſcarded, and a New Set of *Men* brought in their room ten times worſe than their Predeceſſors; like the Devil in the Goſpel that left the Poſſeſs'd *Man*'s Body, and came afterwards Seventy Strong.

XXXIV.

Well I muſt get me a Floor of new Fellows, ſays the *Maſter* of a *Weſtern* Barge, otherwiſe one Sheep-ſtealing Rogue will ſpoil all the reſt.

XXXV.

What is the Reaſon that the Clergymen never Forgive an Injury? Why, 'tis becauſe they have better *Me*mories than the reſt of the World, and never forget.

XXXVI.

All Parties blame Perſecution when they Feel the Smart on't, and all Practice it when they have the Rod in their Hands. For all his pretended *Meekneſs Calvin* made Roaſt-meat of *Servetus* at *Geneva* for his Unorthodoxy.

XXXVII.

When *Moliere*'s *Tartuff* was Acted in *France*, all the Churchmen complain'd of it. The *Feſtin de Saint Pierre*, tho' a lewd Beaſtly Piece, went down without the leaſt wry Face. At ſo much an eaſier a Rate may a *Man* expoſe Religion, than Hypocriſie!

XXXVIII.

I very much Queſtion after all, whether Mr. *C----r* would have condeſcended to Laſh the Vices of the Stage, if the Poets had not been Guilty of the abominable Sin of making Familiar now and then with the Backſlindgs of the Caſſock.

XXXIX. Hy-

XXXIX.

Hypocriſie may Chain up a *Man* when he is a mong Brethren of the ſame Claſs, but Nature will certainly break out, whenever it finds an opportunity. How many *Caledonian* Peers, that can Sit out four Long-winded Sermons at a time on the other ſide the *Tweed*, Whore and Drink, and deny themſelves nothing in the *Pall-mall* and St. *James*'s? 'Tis a mighty Refreſhment to be out of the reach of Scandal.

XL.

A Whore in the Buſineſs of Love, is what Farthings are in the Buſineſs of Trade; only us'd for the Convenience of ready Change.

XLI.

'Tis the moſt unpardonable Affront in the World to tell a Woman that ſhe's Old. My Lord *A*---- who was the greateſt Courtier in his time, us'd to ſay to his Lady every New-years Day: Well, Madam, how Old will your Ladyſhip be pleas'd to be this Year?

XLII.

The Virtuoſo's may talk as long as they Pleaſe that the Seaſons are Inverted, and the Sun Decay'd? Whatſoever becomes of our Fruits, our Women Ripen much earlier than Formerly.

XLIII. Madam

XLIII.

Madam *S*--- laſt Year brought her Daughter to St. *Martin's* to be Married. Little Miſs look'd ſo unfit for Buſineſs, that the Parſon Innocently asked her Mother, And what have you brought this Child to be Baptis'd?

XLIV.

A Man would willingly have it in his Power to oblige the Fair Sex to the laſt Moment of his Life. When Sir *H*---- was to be Cut for the Stone in the Sixty Seventh Year of his Age, Well, but Doctor, ſays he, this Operation won't make a Man Impotent, will it?

XLV.

Covetouſneſs, like Jealouſie, when it has once taken Root never leaves a Man but with his Life. A rich Banker in *Lumbard-ſtreet* finding himſelf very ill, ſent for a Parſon to Adminiſter the laſt Conſolations of the Church to him. While the Ceremony was performing, old *Gripewell* Falls into a Fit; As ſoon as he was a little Recover'd, the Doctor offer'd the Chalice to him. No, no, Crys he, I can't afford to lend you above Twenty Shilling upon't, upon my Word I can't now.

XLVI.

When the High Prieſt enter'd the Sanctuary, which was but once a Year, the *Jews* have a Tradition that he begged of God not to hear the Prayers of Travellers, who, to have fair Weather for themſelves, don't care what becomes of the reſt of the World. Had we any ſuch Cuſtom among us, it would not be amiſs if our *Arch-Flamen* pray'd to him, not to hear the different Petitions of the ſeveral Sects among us, that, if heard, would not only ruin the reſt of the World, but themſelves.

XLVII.

What Sect of Men could Set up with ſuch Diſadvantage as the Quakers, when they were Kick'd and Buffeted and Laughed at by every Body? But their Darling Principle Sooth'd the Vanity of Men, and made them Judges of every thing *Dans le dernier reſſort*. Of Late they have Lick'd their Cub into ſome Shape, and are far from making a contemptible Figure. Who knows but it may be their turn to be the Reigning Religion a Hundred Years hence?

XLVIII.

A Gigantic Man, and a Book of a Monſtrous Size, generally fall ſhort of what they ſeem to Promiſe. An ordinary Soul can no more inform an overlarge Body, than an ordinary

Genius

Genius can enliven a big Volume. 'Tis as if a Gentleman of 200*l.* a Year ſhould affect to Live in *Hampton Court*, where the very Repairs would exceed the Income. Is not a Leaf of the *Diſpenſary* Worth a Cartload of King *Arthurs?*

XLIX.

Not only Religion and Law, but even Gold and Silver are falſified to procure Gold and Silver.

L.

If we muſt have War with *France* about *Spain*, the ſooner the better, before Affairs are Settled, and while their Government is young. In King *Charles* the Second's time *Jack Ogle*, a very Famous Perſon in his Generation, had got a Clap. Doctor, ſays he, to a Chirugeon, what wi--wi-will this buſineſs coſt me. Why ſome Three *Guineas* Sir. And wha-wa-what Rate does a Pox go at. About Six Sir. Well then, ho-ho-honeſt Friend, Cries he, I'le e'n let it run up to a Pox, and Cure both under one. Pray Heaven there be no *Jack Ogles* among our preſent Politicians.

LI.

How unnatural a ſight it is to ſee a Parſon with a Florid Countenance and a double Chin *Preach up* Abſtinence in *Lent!*

LII. Some

LII.

Some Clergymen in the Pulpit are such different Animals from what they are elsewhere; That Mrs. *K*---- when she Acts a Virtuous part upon the Stage, is not more different from Mrs. *K*---- with a Rummer in her Hand at the *Horseshoe*.

LIII.

It has been an old Remark, said a Presbyterian Minister in his Sermon, that *Opinio* is of the Feminine Gender, because Women for the most part are positive and Opinionated; whereas *Judicium* is of the Neuter, because in all Critical exigences, Men of Judgment chuse to be Neuters. The Grammatical observation is not worth a Farthing, but a wholesome Mythology's couch'd under it, which the *Venetians* at present Practise.

LIV.

A Speculative Religion is only Calculated for a few Philosophers, and not the gross Vulgar. 'Tis too thin a Diet for Course Appetites, as we find Soops and Sallads are for Common *English* Stomachs. For this Reason the Popish Priests amuse them with Pictures, Shows, and Images; the Presbyterian Parsons with Apish Gestures, Fantastic

Expressions,

Expreſſions, and ſordid Similes, that are full as groſs as images. The Church of *England* goes the Middle way to Work, and gives it them half in Surplices and Organs, and t'other half in good Senſe and Reaſon.

LV.

Tho' a Clergyman Preached like an Angel, yet he ought to conſider that two hour Glaſſes of Divinity are too much at once for the moſt Patient Conſtitution. In the late Civil Wars *Stephen Marſhal* Split his Text into Twenty Four Parts. Upon this one of the Congregation immediately runs out of Church. Why what's the matter ſays a Neighbour: Only going for my Night-gown and Slippers, for I find we muſt take up our Quarters here to Night.

LVI.

A long reach, and a little Conſcience are as neceſſary Qualifications to a Miniſter of State, as a long hand and little Fingers are to a Man Midwife.

LVII.

A Wit and a Beau ſet up with little or no Expence. A pair of Red Stockins, and a Sword-knot Sets up one, and Peeping once a Day in at *Wills*, and two or three Second hand *ſayings*, the other.

LVIII. Every

LVIII.

Every Man thinks ſo well of himſelf, or ſo ill of his Neighbour that he would not Change with him in every Reſpect, tho' he would in ſome. Thouſands perhaps may wiſh they had Mrs. *Abel*'s voice, or Sir *Charles D----s* Eſtate, yet there's ſcarce a Man in the Kingdom, I believe, would Change with them for good and all; that is to ſay, would have Mrs. *Abel*'s good Manners, and Sir *Charles*'s Gratitude.

LIX.

'Tis wiſely done, as a Gentleman obſerv'd, of a Chirurgeon to live next door to a Bawdy-houſe, of a ſhort hand Teacher to a Meeting-houſe, and one that has a good hand at Pimping to place himſelf near the Court; for then they may expect buſineſs.

LX.

A Man of Merit may be allow'd to inſinuate it Modeſtly. Prince *Maurice* being ask'd who was the greateſt General of the Age, handſomely anſwer'd, the Marquis of *Spinola* is the Second.

LXI.

Well, this thing call'd Proſperity makes a Man ſtrangely inſolent, and forgetful. How contemptibly a Cutler looks at a poor Grinder of Knives, a Phyſician in his Coach at a Farrier a Foot, and a well-grown *Pauls Church-yard* Bookſeller upon one of the Trade that Sells Secondhand Books under the Trees, in *Moreſields*.

LXII.

'Tis hard that a Man ſhould go out of the World, almoſt as Weak a Wretch as he came into it. *Senes bis pueri*, Old Men are twice Children, ſays, the Proverb. There is an old Drawer at the Baptiſt's Head in *Chancery-Lane*, that Drew Vinegar when the *Scots* came into *England* with their Bag-pipes, and Covenant in the Year 1640. Soon after he was preferr'd a Story higher, I mean to Draw Wine, in which Station he continued about Forty Years; ſince the late Revolution he is a Vinegar-drawer again.

LXIII.

'Tis a very hard Caſe if a Man can't find ſome Excuſe for his Frailty, let it be what it will. About Seven Years ago, when there were ſuch Complaints of the ill Summers, and Mr. *Flamſted* talk'd that *there were Maculæ* in the Sun, I knew a Gentle-

Gentleman that us'd to get up about the Dusk of the Evening, and went to Bed by Break of Day, and this was the conſtant Courſe of Life he led. His Unkle asked him what the Plague made him ſuch a Sot? Oh ſays he, the Royal Society ſay the Sun is Sick, and for my part I hate to ſee Sick Folks.

LXIV.

A Man does not attain to the Top of Preferment in an Inſtant. In one Houſe a Young Member generally is initiated by moving for the bringing in of Candles, and in another by Snuffing them.

LXV.

Aſſiduity is one of the beſt Qualities in a Courtier to recommend him to his Maſter. As Prince *Maurice* was once at Dinner, in came a Huge Maſtiff, and took Sanctuary under the Table. The Pages beat him out of the Room and Kick'd him, but for all that *Monſieur le Chien* came punctually at the ſame Hour next Day, and ſo continued his Viſits, tho' they ſtill continued the ſame Treatment to him. At laſt the Prince ordered them to Beat him no more, and made much of him. From that time the Maſtiff Commenc'd a perfect Courtier, follow'd the Prince where ever he went, lay all Night at his Chamber Door, ran by his Coach ſide as duly as one

of his Lacqueys; In ſhort ſo inſinuated hi
ſelf into his Maſter's Favour, that when
Died he Settled a Penſion upon him for L

LXVI.

If your Friend is in want, don't carry h
to the Tavern, where you treat your Sel
well as him, and entail a Thirſt and Head
upon him next Morning. To treat a p
Wretch with a Bottle of *Burgundy*, or fill
Snuff-box, is like giving a pair of Lace-Ruf
to a Man, that has ne'r a Shirt on his Ba
Put ſomething into his Pocket.

LXVII.

When a Man has contracted a Habit,
a hard matter to leave it off. A Fellow
a Houſe had got ſuch a Trick of talking *La*
that he could not forbear it even to the S
lion-Boys and Bed makers. One After-n
ſeeing one of the Turn-ſpit Dogs b
himſelf deliciouſly in the Sun, he thus acc
ed him. *Non Studes, ignave, non Studes,*
toto die otioſus es, & oſtendis ingentes tuos Teſt
los ad Solem.

LXVIII.

What is Sawce for a Gooſe is Sawce f
Gander. When any Calamities befel
Roman Empire, the *Pagans* us'd to lay i
the Charge of the Chriſtians; When Chr

anity became the Imperial Religion, the Chriſtians return'd the ſame Complement to the *Pagans*.

LXIX.

That which paſſes for Current Doctrine at one juncture and in one Climate, won't do ſo in another. The Cavaliers in the beginning of the Troubles us'd to Trump up the 13*th*. of the *Romans* upon the Parliament, the Parliament trump'd it upon the Army when they would not Diſband, the Army back again upon the Parliament when they Diſputed their Orders. Never was poor Chapter ſo unmercifully toſs'd to and fro again!

LXX.

The *Jeſuits* here in *Europe* in their Diſputes with the *Proteſtants*, have recourſe to Miracles, as a Proof of the true Church. In *Æthiopia*, where the *Abyſſines* over number'd them in Miracles, they very fairly denied the Argument, and Reaſoned againſt them as we do.

LXXI.

The *Quakers* here in *England* won't take up Arms, no not they, becauſe all War is unlawful: When the *French* attack'd them in *Penſilvania*, the Caſe was alter'd; the Drums Beat, the Guns Fired, and Carnal Weapons were not thought ſinful.

LXXII.

An *Engliſh* Bull-Dog, and a *Scotch* Presbyterian are of a different Species from all the Bull-Dogs and Presbyterians in the World.

LXXIII.

Not to Flatter our Selves, we *Engliſh* are none of the moſt conſtant and eaſie People in the World. When the late War pinch'd us, Oh! when ſhall we have a Peace and Trade again. We had no ſooner a Peace, but huzza Boys! for a New War, and that we ſhall be ſoon ſick of.

LXXIV.

It may be no Scandal for us to imitate one good Quality of a Neighbouring Nation, who are like the Turf they Burn, ſlow in kindling, but when once throughly lighted, keep their Fire.

LXXV.

'Tis natural for every Man to be fond of his own Country and what it produces. In the Pariſh Church of *Soeſt* in *Weſtphalia* there is a Repreſentation of the laſt Supper in a Glaſs-window, where our Saviour and the Apoſtles ſit down before Gammon of Bacon, *the* Topping Diſh of the Country, inſtead

of the Paſchal Lamb. Two hundred Years ago perhaps, in the days Popery, an *Engliſh* Painter would have made it a Sur-loin of Beef.

LXXVI.

What a fine thing it is to be well-manner'd upon occaſion! In the Reign of King *Charles* the Second, a certain Worthy Divine at *Whitehall*, thus Addreſs'd himſelf to the Auditory at the concluſion of his Sermon. In ſhort if you don't live up to the precepts of the Goſpel, but abandon your ſelves to your irregular Appetites, you muſt expect to receive your reward in a certain place, which 'tis not good manners to mention here.

LXXVII.

We can't properly call that Man unhappy, who knows nothing of his Misfortunes. *Liſander*'s Wife is the moſt inſatiable Strumpet that ever Liv'd, yet *Liſander* Joggs on merrily, Snores contendedly, and believes her Honeſt. T'other day he made a viſit to *Chærephon*, whoſe Wife denies her ſelf no Innocent Freedoms, but is as chaſt as a *Veſtal*. Lord! Cries *Liſander* to himſelf, what an Unlucky Wretch is poor *Chærephon* to have ſuch a Viper in his Boſom.

LXXVIII.

Conſcience is a Riddle I don't know what to make of; 'tis ſometimes Pride, 'tis ſometimes Obſtinacy, 'tis ſometimes Intereſt, 'tis ſometimes nothing; like a Skittiſh Jade it will Startle at a Windmill, and ſtand buff to a Canon; it will keck at Pap, and Digeſt Steel.

LXXIX.

Æmilia would not let her Husband take the Oaths to the Government, and yet never ſcruples to try a Fall with the next Comer for Half a Crown. Her pious Husband too, tho' he won't Swear, will ſooner get Drunk upon Tick, than go Sober to Bed.

LXXX.

In the time of the laſt War a *French* Woman kept a little Bawdy-houſe in *Ghent*. To ingratiate with the *Engliſh* Officers, her conſtant Complement was, *Ayez pitie, Meſſieurs, d' une pauvre Refugiée, qui eſt venue pour la Religion.* Notwithſtanding her Religion, ſhe had Harlots always at their Service.

LXXXI.

Since this Revolution a Worthy Church-*man, that* for ſeveral Reaſons muſt be name-*leſs, thanked* God that the Majority of the Clergy-

Clergymen had taken the Oaths, and that others again had refuſed them; for, ſays he, by taking them we have Secured our poor Church, which otherwiſe had been in danger of Falling, as our Siſter of *Scotland* has done; and by ſome of us refuſing them, and Sacrificing all we had to them, we have ſhown the Nation there's ſuch a thing as Conſcience ſtill among us. And yet this Reverend Perſon choſe rather to ſave the Church, than ſhow his Conſcience.

LXXXII.

Meliſſa looks as demure as a Nun, goes twice a day to Church, abhors the Play-houſe and Players, has always the Catalogue of the *Lent Preachers* by Heart, rails at Patches and Commodes, and yet is a Fury Incarnate in a Corner. I went to pay *Meliſſa* a Summ, ſays a Gentleman, laſt Night, and ſhe was ſo fond of my Mony, that I thought in my Conſcience ſhe would have run away with the Purſe.

LXXXIII.

Women Tax their Gallants of inconſtancy without Reaſon. Their Humors, their Faces, their Charms daily Change; what makes them then Complain?

LXXXIV.

For a Woman to think to ſecure her Lover when her Beauty, that made him ſo, is gone, is to expect as great a Miracle as Tranſubſtantiation wrought in her Favour, where the Accidents are ſaid to remain, when the Subſtance that Supported them is vaniſhed. But this is no Age for Miracles.

LXXXV.

What unaccountable Creatures are Women! They treat their Humble Servants like Slaves when they ſee them; they Rail at them, they Deſpiſe them, they'l hardly Vouchſafe them a look, yet are uneaſie in their abſence.

LXXXVI.

A Miniſter by ill adviſing his Prince, and putting him upon wrong Methods, has often had the Honour to ſee a Flouriſhing Country reduc'd to Beggary. A Gentleman was Railing as faſt as his Lungs would give him leave at Cardinal *Richlieu*. Don't talk ſo Loud, ſays his Friend to him, leſt ſome of his Creatures there ſhould over hear you, meaning a parcel of Beggars that ſtood near them.

LXXXVII.

Some Authors are ſo long a Correcting and Mending their Works, that like *Paul*'s they may be ſaid to be Old before they are Finiſh'd.

LXXXVIII.

To accquaint a Man with his being a Cuckold, and to preach the 30*th.* of *January* Sermon before the Houſe, are two Tickliſh Points that one would willingly avoid.

LXXXIX.

'Tis Merry to conſider what ſort of Reaſons ſome Men give for what they do. A Diſſenting Parſon was Preaching a Funeral Sermon in *Moreſields*. He laid about him ſo Powerfully that all the Congregation Wept, except one Fellow, who ſeem'd not a jot concern'd. Being asked the Reaſon why he did not Weep, What have I done to Weep, ſays he I am not of this Pariſh?

XC.

A good outſide is the beſt Sir *Ch. Cotterel* in a Strange place.

XCI.

Servants are careleſs and impudent, and their Maſters generally ſpeaking may thank themſelves for't. A Worthy Knight near *Twicknam* had ſome Gentlemen at Dinner with him, he calls for a Bottle of Ale, his Boy opens it juſt under his Noſe, by the ſame token it flew all upon his Face, Cravat, and Periwig. The Knight not at all diſturb'd and wiping himſelf, well ſays he, this is the Wittieſt Boy in the World, I warrant you he Serves me a Hundred ſuch witty Tricks in a Year. Here Sirrah, ſays *Tom Otway* to him, who chanced to be then in the Company, here's a ſhilling for you to encourage you in your Wit.

XCII.

How glad a Man is when he hears another accuſed of a Fault, which does not reach him? Some People were talking againſt Pluraliſts, and what a horrid Scandal and ſhame they brought upon the Church. Heaven be Prais'd, ſays a certain Prelate, no body can tax me with Pluralities. I have but one Benefice, God knows.

XCIII.

If the Church has a Mind to make any *thing paſs* for a Sin, 'tis an eaſie matter to *lug and ſtretch* a Text till it fits the purpoſe.

A Parſon would needs prove Dancing to be Sinful, and thus he brought it about. *Imprimis* Dancing is a Circular Motion, deny it who can. In the next place, tis as plain as a Pike-ſtaff that a Circular Motion is Diabolical, for doth not the Text expreſsly ſay of the Devil, *Circuit terram quærens quem devoret*?

XCIV.

The late Ordinary of *Newgate* Mr. *Smith*, who was one of the moſt Famous Scruple-drawers of his time, had one impenitent Clipper once to deal with. Why, ſays the Fellow, what Harm have I done? a parcel of Overgrown Shillings fell into my Hands, and I only par'd off their Superfluities. They would have bought but twelve Penn'oth of Beef and Turnips at firſt, and they'l buy twelve Penn'oth of Beef and Turnips ſtill. Ay, but heark you me Friend, Cries the Ordinary, what is it to Clip a thing, but to Pare it Round, and what is Pareing Round call'd in Scripture but Circumciſion, and who under the Evangelical Diſpenſation dares Practiſe Circumciſion, but one that has actually renounc'd the Chriſtian Religion, and is a *Jew*, a moſt obſtinate perverſe *Jew* in his Heart? Upon this the poor Clipper threw himſelf at his Feet, own'd the heinouſneſs of his Sin, confeſs'd that Sabbath-breaking had brought him to't, and Wept like a Church-ſpout.

XCV.

A Jolly Red-faced Preacher at the upper end of *Thamesſtreet*, had a great mind to prove a Standing Army to be *jure Divino*, and how did he make it out? Why, as plain as you'd wiſh. God Almighty ſays he, keeps a Standing Army of *Cherubim* and *Seraphim* to prevent the Incurſions and Deprædations of the Devil, and what are Kings, but his Vicegerents? The Man meant all well, that's certain, and the Fraternity at *Young Man's* are bound in Honour to preſent him with a Silver Bottle-ſcrew, and Tobacco-box.

XCVI.

A Divine ought to Calculate his Sermon, as an Aſtrologer does his Almanac, to the Meridian of the Place and People where he lives. What ſtuff it is to Preach againſt Uſury at *Whitehall*, and Fornication in *Lumbardſtreet*? No invert the Tables, Preach againſt Uſury in *Lumbardſtreet*, and Fornication at *Whitehall*.

XCVII.

One Sunday Morning a Shower of Rain drove a Gentleman of my accquaintance into the College Chappel at *Chelſea*. The Miniſter, as he told me, was very furiouſly in*veighing againſt* Covetouſneſs before a parcel of

of Fellows that were in no great danger of being infected with that Sin, or ever ſeeing a greater Summ than Half a Crown. He ought to have Preach'd againſt Swearing, Pilfering, Rubbing out of Ale-houſe Scores, and building of Sconces.

XCVIII.

Ingratitude, Perfidy, Oppreſſion, Bribery, and the like may be Preached againſt in every Church between *Berwick* and St. *Michael's Mount*.

XCIX.

St. Ephiphanius. St. *Theophylact*, St. *Gregory* of *Nazianzum*, the *Concilium Illiberitanum*, and St. *Auſtin de Civitate Dei*, rumble well in a Country Church, and makes the Parſon admired by his Flock, but is not one good argument more Convincing than a Thouſand Citations out of St. *Gregory?*

C.

To quote St. *Ambroſe* or St. *Jerome*, or any other Red-letter'd Father, to prove any ſuch important truth as this, that Virtue is commendable, and all exceſs to be avoided, is like ſending for the Sheriff to come with the *poſſe Comitatus* to diſperſe a few Boys at Foot-ball, when it may be done without him.

CI. Some

CI.

Some Divines make the ſame uſe of Fathers and Councils, as our *Beaus* do of their Canes, not for ſupport or Defence, but meer Ornament and ſhow: and Cover themſelves with fine Cobweb Diſtinctions, as *Homer*'s Gods did with a Cloud.

CII.

Tho' ignorance is none of the beſt Qualifications for one that ſets up for Director of others, yet 'tis better we ſhould have a few ignorant Parſons, than our Pariſhes have none to look after them. My Lord *D*---ask'd a certain Biſhop in the late Reign, why he confer'd Orders upon ſo many Block-heads. Oh! My Lord, ſays he, 'tis better the Ground ſhould be Ploughed by Aſſes, than lye Untill'd.

CIII.

All Churches, let them pretend what they will, aſpire at power. The *Hugonots* in *France* after the Aſſembly of *Rochel* in the Year 1620. gave Commiſſions to their Officers to Raiſe Horſe and Foot *in nomine Eccleſiarum*.

CIV.

The *Presbyterian* Divines have been obſerv'd of late to Preach after the manner of the Church

Church of *Engliſh-men*. Without ſetting up for a Prophet I dare venture to affirm that this will be their Ruin. 'Twas the Melodious twang of the Noſe, the Duſting of the Cuſhion, the Black-cap tipt with white, the Zealous toſs of the Handerchief, in ſhort the Fire, the vehemence, the impetuoſity of their Action that gave them all their Authority with the People, which they'l ſoon loſe, if once they quit ſhow, and Grimace for good Reaſon and Senſe. People then will to go their Pariſh-Churches.

CVI.

Singularity of Expreſſion, Habit, and the like, keep up a Sect that would otherwiſe Fall. This for ought I know has been the chief Preſervation of *Judaiſm*. Whenever the *Quakers* part with their Broad-brimm'd Hats, little Cravats, and Coats without Pockets before, the Author of *the Snake in the Graſs* may e'n leave off Writing againſt them, for their Farthing-Candle, call'd the private Spirit, will go out of it ſelf.

CVII.

People may talk what they will of the Liberty of *Amſterdam*, but 'tis no where in ſuch perfection, ſay I, as in *London*. A Man in *Amſterdam* is ſuffered to have but one Religion, whereas in *London* he may have two Strings to his Bow.

CVIII.

A Man that ſplits himſelf between two Churches, is true to neither, but to his own Intereſt.

CIX.

There muſt be ſomething more than Ordinary in the Wind, when a Splay-mouth'd Linſey-wolſey Sir *Humphry* to qualifie himſelf for a Gold Chain, and Scarlet-Gown, can ſwallow ſo rank a Pill as Superſtition, and ſubmit to the Popery of St. *Pauls*.

CX.

Sometimes the Church of *England* and *Presbytery* ſhall be one, ſometimes as different as light and Darkneſs ; juſt as the preſent Juncture of Affairs will have it.

CXI.

The Miniſters of both Churches, that can admit ſuch Amphibious Animals by turns to their Communion, have ſome Inviſible Loopholes to Creep out at, which no body elſe can ſee. For ſhame charge the *Jeſuits* no more with Equivocation.

CXII.

A Man that keeps ſteddy to one party, *tho' he happens* to be in the Wrong, is ſtill an

honeſt

honeſt Man. He that goes to a *Cathedral* in the Morning, and *Salters-hall* in the Afternoon, is a Raskal by his own Confeſſion.

CXIII.

A true Citizen's Conſcience makes a gain of every thing, even of Godlineſs it ſelf.

CXIV.

Mahumetaniſm came into the World with Teeth and Claws, was Nurſed up in Violence, Rapine, and Murder, yet grown up to Man's Eſtate generouſly gives Quarter to thoſe of a different Belief: Chriſtianity, whoſe Diſtinguiſhing Character is Love and Meekneſs, allows Cutting of Throats for the Propagation of the Goſpel.

CXV.

A Man in throwing Dirt at his Adverſary, does often be-ſpatter himſelf. Two Country Fellows Quarrel'd in the Field, and one purſued the other up to his own Village. When he found himſelf Safe, now come on, ſays he, you Cuckoldly Dog, if you dare. We are Four to one of you.

CXVI.

A Woman will ſuffer any thing ſooner than ſee her Husband beſtow his kindneſs elſewhere. My Lady *B*---- found Sir *John*,

and her Gentlewoman too Familiar together. The very next Moment she turn'd her away. Hussy, cries she at parting, I have no occasion for such as you. All the business you do here I can as well dispatch my self.

CXVII.

Selfish never speaks well of any one, and never dines at home. 'Twas justly said of him, that he never open'd his Mouth but at another Man's Expence.

XCVIII.

A Jealous Man and a Cuckold, says Sir *John Sucklin*, differ like Alderman and Mayor, a little time makes one the other. A common Slanderer wants only an opportunity to bee a Cut-throat.

CXIX.

What greater Torment can their be on this side Hell than desire and Impotence?

CXX.

The *Ephesian* Matron of Famous Memory was an Angel to some of our Modern Wives. She had the Manners to stay till her Husband was Cold, before she disposed of her Self. Ours enter into Articles before the Old Bond is Cancel'd. Dear *Betty*, says a *Butcher* in *Smithfield* a little before he Died, I am not a

Man

Man for this World, therefore I would adviſe you to Marry our Man *Jack*, 'tis a Clever well-built Strong Fellow, and our buſineſs you know requires ſuch a one. Well, Husband, Anſwers She, and ſo it does, but if that's all, never trouble your ſelf, *John* and I have agreed that Matter already.

CXXI.

'Tis not a fine ſhow of Books makes a Scholar, and yet, cries the *Fleet-ditch* Quack, why ſhould not I know as much as any of the College, I'm ſure I have as good a Library. As if Staring upon a parcel of Books neatly Bound, or upon a heap of *Guineas* through a *Goldſmith's* Glaſs in *Cheapſide*, would either make a Man Learned or Rich.

CXXII.

Buying of Books is Grown into a Faſhion, even with thoſe that can't Read them. The aforeſaid Quack hearing a *Buxtorf's Hebrew Lexicon* put up at an *Auction*, cries aloud, I'le have it. When he had looked upon it a little, he return'd it back to the *Auctioneer*. Mr. *Millington*, ſays he, you may e'n keep this Book for your own uſe, I'le have none on't. Why the Damn'd Book-binder has ſpoil'd it, he has made it begin at the End.

CXXIII. In

CXXIII.

In ſome Grounds every thing degenerates. Wheat runs into Barly, Artichokes turn to Thiſtles. Grapes give nothing but Verjuice. And thus the beſt Subject grows Flat and inſipid in ſome hands, that have the Reverſe of *Midas*'s Talent, and turn every thing into Lead.

CXXIV.

He that Writes abundance of Books, and gets abundance of Children, may in ſome Senſe be ſaid to be Benefactor to the Publick, becauſe he Furniſhes it with Bumfodder and Soldiers; but 'tis impoſſible he ſhould beſtow enough upon them to make them appear handſomely in the World.

CXXV.

'Tis a Sign of the laſt neceſſity in an Author when he is forc'd to Steal from himſelf. 'Tis worſe than Robbing the Spittle.

CXXVI.

Mr. *Shadwell* in one of his laſt Plays, is ſo honeſt as to own that he had Stole a few hints out of a *French Comedy*, but pretends 'twas rather out of Lazineſs than want. This Confeſſion inſtead of mending Matters wou'd *have* Hang'd him at the *Old Baily*, and why it *ſhould ſave* him in *Parnaſſus* I can't tell.

CXXVII. 'Tis

CXXVII.

'Tis Strange that an Author ſhou'd have a Gameſter's Fate, and not know when to give over. Had the *City Bard* ſtopt his hand at Prince *Arthur*, he had miſt Knighthood, tis true, but he had gone off with ſome applauſe.

CXXVIII.

Cleander don't give your ſelf the Trouble to Write againſt *Mævius*, ſtay but a while, and you'l find he'l Scribble himſelf out of his little Reputation.

CXXIX.

One would almoſt Swear that ſome Authors had Served an Apprentiſhip to a Faggot-maker. A Subſtantial Stick or two on the outſide, a promiſing Title, a tolerable Preface, and all rubbiſh within.

CXXX.

Never was there ſuch a Shoal of Verſifiers, and ſo few Poets.

CXXXI.

Some Books like the City of *London* fare the better for being Burnt.

CXXXII.

Plays and Romances Sell as well as Books of Devotion, but with this difference: More People read the Former than Buy them, and more Buy the Latter than Read them.

CXXXIII.

Tho' Life is so short, we spend it as unprofitably as if we had *Methuselah*'s Age to Squander away. How many tiresome *Dutch* Volumes, and tedious Nights has Dr. *B——y* gone through, to acquire all that useful Learning about *Thericlean* Cups, and *Sicilian* Groats!

CXXXIV.

'Twas a Merry saying of *Rabelais* that a Man ought to Buy all the bad Books that come out, because they will never be Printed again.

CXXXV.

After a tedious long Calm under the *Line* how delightful a prospect is the Land to the poor Seaman! and when a Reader has been Quagmir'd in a dull heavy Book, when he has wished Author, Printer, and Bookseller a hundred times at the Devil, what a refreshing comfortable sight it is to see

FINIS.